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OR,

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BY W. J. HAMILTON,

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THE STONE CHIEF.

CHAPTER I.

SEVEN TO ONE.

SILENCE reigned in the dense forest, to the north of the Salmon river, not far from Oswego; the silence almost of death. Even the notes of the birds seemed hushed, as if there was a halt in the work of nature.

But hark! The fall of a coming foot. Advancing rapidly through the forest along the stream, it heralds the coming of some man or animal. A moment more and the bushes covering the path are pushed aside, and a young Indian of mark appears. He is literally and truly a giant, nearly seven feet in height, and well proportioned. The face is finely cut, and, all in all, he is a perfect specimen of manly beauty and pride. Apparently well used to the path he is treading, he hastens forward, and at length halts near the Salmon River Falls, a beautiful cascade, at an open space near the head of the falls, and stands looking into the dark water.

"Speak to me, spirit of the waters," he cried, in the Algonquin tongue, looking down at the salmon, leaping below the fall. "Speak to me, white maid dwelling in the mist. Shall Garanoque, the man who slays, gain the object for which he has come?"

As he waits for an answer, leaning upon a mighty bow, the length of which is nearly eight feet, there is a sudden stir behind him, and he whirls suddenly, fitting to his bow a shaft which would have put to shame the bowmen of the Black Prince. He is just in time, for seven Onondaga Indians, armed to the teeth, burst suddenly from the woods in front, and place themselves in his path. Strong men they are; and yet, this gigantic chief looks at them with a derisive smile, as they silently range themselves before him.

"Garanoque," cries one, who wears the eagle feathers of a chief, as by a motion of his hand he called for a parley. "What do you here, in the land of the Oswegoes and the Onondagas?"

"Bah," replies Garanoque with a scornful gesture. "When the wind blows, can you stay it, or change its course? If the sun shines, can you blot it out? Garanoque has made a trail through the land of the Onondagas, and he will follow it, though a greater tribe than the Onondagas stood in his way. You are called Anada, son of the Red Fox. I do not wish to see your blood, or the blood of your men; but, if you come in my way, you are dead."

"I know why Garanoque, the St. Regis chief, dares to come into the Onondagas' land," cries Anada. "The Onondagas are not asleep, and they have a flower in their lodges which they will guard against him who would steal her from them. Go your way, and leave us in peace, for there is no war between the Onondagas and the St. Regis."

"When Garanoque makes a trail, he will tread it, Anada. Go; I would not have your blood upon my hand."

"See," cries Anada. "I have six braves, and there is not one among them who is not ready to die if I lift my finger, and bid him do my work. You are a strong warrior, and have sprung from the Stone Man, who once ruled in Onondaga. We have loved you, because you are not all St. Regis, and there would be sorrow in our lodges if we carried home the scalp of the last of the giant race. But hear me; the Onondagas, when they once speak, never take back their word. The son of Cathullin, who was the son of Maromac, the grandson of the Stone Man who ruled in Onondaga, is by right the chief of the tribe. Come to us, and we will make you great."

"A St. Regis I have lived; a St. Regis will I die," replies Garanoque, proudly.

"But, hear me, great chief. You know that you seek something in our land which can never be yours, as long as you remain with the St. Regis. She is mine, because the voice of my father has given her to me, and I love her as I love the war-trail and the rattle of hatchets. My heart is very tender toward her, but I love the great tribe more. Come

to us, and upon the day when the tribe marches to the council-house, and the chieftains vote a head chief, whose name is Garanoque—on that day will I place her hand in yours, that you may lead her to your lodge, and raise up children, who in their turn shall rule the tribe I love.”

Garanoque starts and a look of doubt comes into his face. He is strongly tempted by the last proposition of the Onondaga, who stands in an attitude of attention, regarding him intently, and waiting for his answer. The doubt is not of long duration, for the giant warrior raises his head proudly, and looks the chief boldly in the face.

“The Onondagas are great, but the Stone Man made them so. There is none among the tribe who is prouder of the giant race than Garanoque, who sprung from their blood. He has seen nations rise and fall, since the day when he came into the world. Where is the great nation of Powhattan of the South, which called three thousand braves into the field? Where are the Nipmucks, the Pequods, and the Narragansetts? The steel of the white race has swept them away.”

“Has Garanoque spoken?” hisses Anada.

“They are gone, but the great Algonquin nation, the strong lake men, will live when the *name* of Onondaga is forgotten. I will not be chief of your tribe,” replies the giant.

“Look,” cries Anada. “I would not do wrong to the last of the giant race, if by any means we may save him. He that is not for us is against us; and Garanoque must die here, by the Tumbling River, if he will not return to his tribe.”

Garanoque utters a loud laugh of scorn, as he draws the bowstring, and prepares to launch the shaft. It is directed at Anada, but *one* of his men, with singular self-devotion, throws himself between, and the long arrow, driven completely through his body, actually enters the shoulder of Anada, and inflicts a slight wound. The bow, now changed into a club, is wielded in the left hand of the young giant, while his right holds a ponderous stone hatchet, such as few men can handle with both hands. He laughs, as he takes a single step in advance. The Onondagas recoil before his threatening attitude, but at the savage shout of their chief, they

turn back, armed with knife and hatchet, and fling themselves desperately upon the Algonquin. The low whistles through the air, and one Onondaga lays lifeless on the sod; the hatchet falls, and another, cloven to the jaws, lays beside his fallen comrades. But the rest now close in, so that it is impossible to use the bow. Four to one is large odds, even with such a man as Garanoque. But, that terrible hatchet, wielded by his powerful hand, seems to form a wall about him, through which they can not break. He stands upon the very brink of the rock, which looks down into the dark abyss at the foot of the falls, refusing to yield a step, and dealing desperate blows; with the smile upon his lips, which is never seen upon the face of any man, unless he is of desperate bravery, and loves fighting as some men love a banquet. Another brave goes down, and the assailants now are but three. One of these three is Anada, who has in his veins some of the blood of the old Stone Race, which ruled in Onondaga in the olden time. He is, himself, of powerful frame, known far and near as the most valiant chief of his tribe. He has not been idle, for already Garanoque has been wounded thrice, once in the head, once in the breast, and again in the shoulder—every stroke inflicted by the skillful hand of Anada.

Three times he leaps out of reach, as a sweeping blow from the stone ax is leveled at his head, and spends its force upon the empty air. Garanoque feels that this combat is wearing out even his tremendous powers, and that if he does not close it soon, he must be conquered. But, while he remains with his back to the cliff, and can hold his ground, he has one great advantage; not one of the assailants dares to pass behind him, for the purpose of taking him in the rear. At the same time, a misstep, the slightest stumble, would be fatal to him, for he might be sent headlong over the cliff by the rush of his assailants. Yet he fights on, with the same smile upon his face, his weapon swinging from side to side with unfailing regularity, warding off the blows aimed at his life. Anada, still cheering on his men, returns again and again to the assault, and the fate of the giant warrior trembles in the balance. As he fights, he sees Anada spring back between his two warriors, and take the bow from his

back. Garanoque knows but too well what that means ; Anada is one of the best bowmen of the North.

Garanoque realizes that all is lost, if he can not break through and reach Anada before he can fit the arrow to the string. His fierce battle-cry rings out, and he flings himself desperately upon the two warriors. But, fighting simply on the defensive, and guarding themselves against his crushing blows, they fall back step by step, keeping Anada behind them still, safe from the attacks of the great Algonquin. Again and again the St. Regis chief strikes, but his blows are turned aside by the hatchets and knives of the two braves, who have been chosen from among the best of the tribe for a special duty.

The bow-string twangs and a long arrow is driven through the right arm of the young giant, just below the shoulder. It is not the wish of the warriors to kill him, if by any possibility they may take him alive.

Shifting his hatchet quickly to his left hand, Garanoque continues his assault, but, with singular patience, the two braves continue guarding Anada from the blows, while the wily chief again fits an arrow. Garanoque knows that his hour has come ; his only hope that he may die as becomes a warrior, fighting to the last, and yet save his scalp, the trophy of honor, the flag for which the Indian strikes. Still his battle-shout is full of undaunted courage.

"Cowards !" he screams. "The blood of the Onondaga's is turned to water. They are women, and the daughters of women. An Algonquin spits in their faces, and laughs them to scorn."

But for answer, the bow twangs and an arrow plows its way through his other shoulder, nearly disabling his left arm. Even in this desperate strait, he does not yield ; but, dropping blood at every step, he places his back against a rock, and dares them to do their worst. Anada adjusts another arrow, and looks with a somber smile, at the foe who stands unarmed and helpless, completely at his mercy, to slay or to save.

"Shoot !" cries Garanoque. "But remember I have no wounds in the back."

Anada raises his bow.

CHAPTER II.

A YANKEE ADVENTURER.

"KINDER stiddy, boys!" said a drawling voice. "Excuse me if I take a leetle interest in this game. Neow hold on, Anada; darn your hide, don't yew shoot."

A white man, who, unseen by any of the Indians, had been a witness of the combat, leaped suddenly from the rocks above, and stood between Garanoque and the arrow of the Onondaga. A single look at that long, Puritan face, with its angles and projections, was enough to show that this man sprung from that blood which had swept back before it the great tribes of Massachusetts, and had made the name of Yankee a terror to the Indian race. A tall, muscular man, in the old colony dress of homespun, with knee-breeches, broad buckled shoes, and short coat, belted at the waist. As he leaped down from the rocks, he held in his hand a pair of the long-barreled pistols, then in use, which he pointed at the Onondagas.

"It won't dew, Injin. I kalkilate tew be a good jedge in these leetle matters, and I tell you, fair and square, that it ain't Scriptural tew allow six men tew pitch intew one, and I'll bore a hole clean t'r'u yew, Anada, unlest yew kinder drop the p'int of that arrer."

"Long Gun!" cried Anada, in the Indian language, which the Yankee seemed to understand perfectly. "Why do you come between the Onondagas and their enemy? See; he has killed three of our men, and their blood cries aloud for vengeance."

"Mebbe I'm pizen," replied the Yankee. "Mebbe I mix in whar I hadn't orter, but it's got tew be did. I can't stand by and see three men shoot down a brave man, if he is an Injun, without givin' him a show fur his life. Yew'll hev tew let up on it, I reckon, or yew'll have tew fight me. I guess yew ain't game fur that are job, boys."

"Long Gun," said Anada. "We have loved you, for, of

all the white men who have come among us, you have been a just man. You have not taken our land, upon which to build your big wigwams. You have hunted in our woods, and fished in our rivers. You have bought furs from us, and have paid us fairly. When we were at war with a tribe, you have always hated our enemies and loved us. Why do you save Garanoque from the arrow of Anada?"

"I allers take the weak side. Stand back, you immortal son of a gun, or, bim! I let drive at you, sure ez shooting. What's the muss about, anyway? I never see such a fight since the day I were borned intew the living world; and say, if you hadn't kinder *sneaked*, and got in behind them critters, darn me if he wouldn't 'a' licked the hull intire party."

"Does Long Gun wish to make an enemy of Anada?" demanded the chief.

"I don't want tew, but yew ain't goin' tew stand up thar and shoot this brave feller while I stand by, and have got a chance tew lip in."

A hiss like that of a serpent came from the lips of the Onondaga, and quick as thought, he launched his arrow at the bosom of Garanoque. But the eye of the Algonquin was on him, and he slipped aside, allowing the arrow to shiver against the rocky wall.

"Cuss you!" roared Long Gun, as he seized the Onondaga by the throat, and pressed the muzzle of a pistol against his head. "I orter let yew have it, rite threw the head. I'd dew it, only fur old times, you pizen serpent. Why, darn your hide, what dew yew mean?"

"It is enough," said the chief, shaking himself free. "Go your way, Long Gun; but always remember that Anada is your enemy, and some day he will have your scalp. To-day you are safe, for I will not lift a hand against you."

"And this Injin?"

"He is safe until the next sun rises."

"Waal, that's kinder cute in yew, anyhow. Thank yew fur nuthing; if yew had lifted a finger, there would be one more dead Injin lying reound loose, about this time of day. I guess yew'd better pick up yewr dead and berry 'm, yew can't tote 'em back to Onondager lake. Come, Algonquin; I guess we'd better toddle."

The young giant understood but little of the speech, in the queer phrase of the Yankee, but he did understand his gestures, and the two walked away up the stream, leaving the Onondagas to take care of their dead. The Yankee placed implicit confidence in the word of the Onondagas, and made no attempt to watch them as he marched away. He knew that for twenty-four hours he was absolutely safe from any attack, and so, for half an hour they tramped on down the rapid stream; then the Yankee halted, and looked at his strange friend.

"I guess I can make yew understand what I'm trying tew git at, Injin," said the strange man. "You let me look at them cuts. Darn my hide if yew ain't abeout the neatest bit of human flesh and bones I ever see in all my life."

He added a few words in the Algonquin tongue, which, to the surprise of the young chief, he spoke quite well.

"My brother is a strange man," he said. "Why does he speak in the tongue of the Huron, the Iroquois, and the Yengee? Perhaps he can speak in the language of my French brothers, beyond the great sea water?"

"A little," replied Long Gun, in French. "Just enough to swear by."

"How did my brother learn all this?"

"Oh, I'm a trader, don't yew see. I've tramped and canoed through every mile of the Iroquois kentry, and done something in the same line among the Hurons of the Lakes. I know the Shawnees, too; and something of the Lenni Lenape, that tribe of wimmin. It don't make but darned little difference tew me whare yew take me; I'm ginerally known. The unb'iled natyves of these sequestered wilds call me Long Gun. Among the Shawnees, they call me Dead Shot, and—no matter what the Hurons call me, but I've got a name among them. Cut yew up pizen, they did; seven to one is a mighty chance tew menmy; I couldn't stand it, noheow."

Even while talking, his busy fingers were at work, binding up the wounds of the Indian with a practiced hand. No man, unless at some time learned in surgery, could have done the work with the neatness and dispatch which characterized all his movements. His sharp face shone with good humor, as he worked; and the Indian condescended to smile.

"A just white man," he said, in his own language "I have not known many and do not hope to know more. Tell me, you whom the Iroquois call Long Gun, why you have saved me from the long arrow of Anada."

"Ain't I told yew; thunder and lightning, red-skin, it takes a good deal of talking tew make yew understand. I see a lot of red critters pitching intew one, and it riled up ny feelings awful bad; so I took a hand in. But, see here; it won't dew tew fool away much time in this part of the moral heritage, because, yew see, them Onadagers are going tew foller us, when the morning light appears. They'll dew it, if they forfit their lives, I tell yew."

They again took the trail, and night found them traversing the left bank of the stream, not far from the spot where the village of Pulaski now stands, about four miles from Ontario. They trod on in silence, the Indian following closely upon the track of the white man, who seemed to know his course well. The country through which they were passing was uneven, the river now flowing slowly between its banks, and then rushing violently down between the rocks. They could hear the splash of the leaping salmon, as they passed along, the cry of the loon, and the melancholy notes of the whippowil. Half an hour later, a low continuous murmur reached their ears, which the Indian knew came from the great lake, fretting on its shore. Shortly after, they pushed aside the intervening branches, and stood upon a lofty bluff, overlooking a grand and beautiful scene.

"Ontario!" This was the exclamation of the Great Serpent, in Cooper's "Pathfinder," as he heard the roar of the surf upon this shore, some years later. It was night, but the moon was up, and shed a mellow radiance upon the great lake. No man, unless he has actually *seen* one of our great inland seas, has any adequate idea of their grandeur. It was not a pond, but a vast body of water, stretching away beyond mortal ken; a vast heaving sea, glowing like molten silver, where the rays of the sun fell upon it. At their feet, Salmon river discharged itself into the lake, and for half a mile from the shore, you could see the brown water of the river, as yet unmixed with the blue. There had been a storm the day before, and the waves had not yet subsided, but rolled upon

the beach with a low, sullen roar. Two miles above, a long point, crowned with tall dark pine and chestnut, came down to the water's edge. Great sturgeons, some of them two hundred pounds in weight, leaped bodily out of the water and fell again with a resounding splash. The muscalonge, with his variegated coat, slid along below the surface; a heron stalked over the shore looking for food; a great broad-breasted loon rested on the waves, far out from the land, sending out his strange cry from time to time; crowds of aquatic birds of other kinds floated upon the lake, or sailed above it; a pair of bald-headed eagles, high in the air above, looked down with scorn upon their lesser brethren so far beneath them; and especially watched the movements of their natural victim, the fishing-hawk; and, far to the south, the blazing light showed where the Indians were at work, spearing salmon.

"Ha!" said Long Gun, as he stood leaning on his rifle, "a beautiful land, Garanoque."

"The Indian land is beautiful," replied Garanoque, in the same low tone. "It is not wonderful that the Onondagas love it, for the Hurons, who live upon the other side of the big sea-water, love it well. My brother, who told you the name of Garanoque?"

"Oh, git eout," replied Long Gun. "Chief, is there a man who has ever lived among the Onondagers, who has not heard of Garanoque, the descendant of the Stone Man, the son of the strong race?"

The Indian inclined his head slowly, for he knew that his fame was great among the Iroquois, who would have done almost any thing to reclaim him. In the last generation, Cathullin, the father of the giant chief, himself a giant in stature, and the lineal descendant of the "Stone Man" of Onondaga, had been driven out of the tribe by a local insurrection. Flying for his life, he had found his way to the St. Regis tribe, who had received him gladly, for they knew the fame of the giant race of Onondaga. He was made a chief of their tribe, and took a wife from among them. They had but one child, Garanoque, who combined in his person all the noble qualities of his race, and but few of their vices.

The Onondagas had long ago repented their treatment of their chief, especially after he had led several bloody forays against them, carrying away much spoil, and many scalps. they had used every artifice, force, and fraud, to bring him back ; and had even upon one occasion, when they had taken a large number of prisoners, offered them all, in exchange for Cathullin. But the chief sent them a scornful answer.

“ You have made a great chief, a dog, when he loved you well,” he said. “ You have driven him out from among you, and made the son of the great Stone Race a beggar upon the face of the earth. In the old wars, Cathullin had lifted his arm in wrath against the strong men of the St. Regis, and many fell before him. He fought them, because he was of the race of the Iroquois. A serpent, warmed by the fire, bites the hand which held him to the blaze ; so it was with the Onondagas, and they made Cathullin an outcast. Who took him in, and set him in the seat of a chief ? The St. Regis, against whom he had fought, and whom he had hated. I have washed myself in the St. Regis streams, and in the blood of the Onondagas. There is not a drop of your blood in my veins, for I have wasted it, drop by drop. I am a St. Regis ; and my son, who will be a strong man, does not know the name of Onondaga, except as an enemy. When I come to you, it will be with the stone hatchet in one hand, and the torch in the other—to burn and to slay.”

Cathullin died at a good old age, and Garanoque succeeded him. He had learned from his father to hate the Onondagas, but that tribe, stimulated by an old prophesy, still sought to bring back the Stone Race to their midst—thus far with poor success.

The two men stood side by side in silence, looking out across the lake. All at once the loons went out of sight ; the ducks rose with flapping wings, and the place was deserted. What was the cause of this sudden flight ? They listened and could hear the low dip of the paddle, and a light canoe came bounding over the waves, heading toward the shore. The occupant could be but dimly seen as yet, but they thought it was a woman. As the canoe came nearer, both men stepped back into the shadow, and the canoe, rising on the top of a great wave, was hurried over the sand-bar in-

to the beautiful little bay—now Port Ontario—and in a moment more, the occupant stood upon the green bank, leaning on a bow, the bright moonbeams falling about the slight figure, covering it with a golden glory.

It was a woman, and such a woman as is never seen unless she has been from childhood the daughter of nature. An Indian girl, somewhat above the common height of her sex, tricked out in all the finery of a red princess. Her dress was of buck-skin, tanned in the way which makes it as soft as cloth, and nearly as easily worked. It was ornamented with porcupine quills, stained of various colors by the use of dyes known only to the Indians; and with small shells, also dyed in a fanciful manner. Her leggings were of the same material, worked with steel beads and porcupine quills. A belt of wampum surrounded her waist, in which hung a bright steel hatchet, and a knife; and her quiver full of arrows hung at her back. Her face was beautiful, and had in it an air of command, which bespoke her pride of race. But, her "crowning glory" was her hair, which, unconfined save by a simple band about the forehead, hung to her belt in great profusion.

Garanoque with difficulty repressed an exclamation of astonishment and delight, and, laying his hand upon the arm of Long Gun to keep him back, he stepped out into the moonlight, facing the Indian girl, who, seeing the tall figure, instantly fitted an arrow to her bow.

"Eldorah!" cried the chief.

The bow dropped from her hand, she uttered a low cry of surprise, and took a step forward. The chief darted forward, and clasped her in his arms, for these untutored children of nature love as fondly as those who have better advantages of birth and education. Long Gun chuckled aloud, for this was a strange ending to the day's experiences. Eldorah at once drew herself out of the arms of the giant chief, and pushed him away.

"Who is here, Garanoque? You are not alone."

Long Gun at once stepped out into the moonlight, and Eldorah laughed as she saw his face.

"The pride of the Onondagas is far from the home of her people," he said.

"The Onondagas go where they will," she answered, proudly. "The great water is as free to our canoes as to others."

"I guess I'd better git eout of sight, and let yew tew talk," said the trader. "I remember when I was a-courtin' Susanna Perkins, it didn't please me tew hev any one snoopin' reound, a-watchin' me. When yew want me, give a war-whoop."

"Long Gun will stay," said Eldorah, quietly. "His hair is getting gray, and he is a father to Eldorah. Does Garanoque know why I am here?"

The chief shook his head.

"Eldorah has come because she was sent," replied the beautiful girl. "Anada is my brother, and he is of the race who drove Cathullin from the land of the Onondagas. But, Anada has a true heart, and loves his people well, and knows that the Stone Man's children should rule in Onondaga. He is willing to give up his power, if Garanoque will come back."

"I have met Anada to-day," replied Garanoque, laying his hand upon the bloody bandages across his breast. "These are the marks of love which he gave me."

"Eldorah knows this," replied the girl. "Anada is a strong runner, and he came to our camp, where we fished for salmon, to tell the story. He has not yet given up hope, and would make Garanoque his brother, if he will have it so. But the giant chief does not love Eldorah."

A spasm of pain contracted the face of the chief, at this accusation.

"Garanoque came to the Onondaga country for your sake, Eldorah; and for your sake he came alone. If Anada had not come with his men, Garanoque would not have shed a drop of Onondaga blood. Look at me, Eldorah. I love you as the stars above us, and as the bright moon in the sky. Once, long ago, Anada brought you to the St. Regis land. He came in peace, and would have brought me from my tribe by giving you to me. But a great chief can not be so bought and sold."

"Garanoque does not love Eldorah enough, so that he can give up a tribe for her sake, when another tribe awaits him," she said, sadly.

Long Gun watched the young chief keenly, for he felt that if he withstood this trial, he had indeed a brave heart. Here was the woman he loved above all things on earth, who came to offer herself to him, with higher power, in a greater tribe than the one he claimed. Would he yield? Was his love for Eldorah stronger than the faith he had pledged to the St. Regis? He hesitated, and stood with folded arms, looking gloomily out across the lake. Eldorah did not speak, but stood in an attitude of attention, waiting for the chieftain to decide. She had not in so many words offered herself to the giant chief, but he understood her. If he would accept the terms of Anada, and become the war chief of the Onondagas, Eldorah would come into his lodge, and be his squaw.

"The council-fire burns bright at the council-house by the stream, in the Onondaga valley," the girl said. "But it sits the fire-keeper, watching the sacred blaze. The chiefs are ready for the council, but they need a head."

"Anada is a brave warrior; let him keep the place," was the moody reply.

"Anada would give it to Garanoque," persisted Eldorah. "See, my beloved; the anger of the Onondagas will be hot against you, if you refuse. They would love you if you would love them, but you must choose."

"The St. Regis have a fair land, Eldorah," said the chief, in a persuasive tone. "Let Eldorah come with me, and I will make a warm fire for her by the great lake. I am chief of the tribe, and Eldorah will be the head woman of the tribe."

"When I came to speak for the Onondagas," said Eldorah, "some warriors said: 'Garanoque will seize you with the strong hand, and carry you to the land of the St. Regis.' But I said; no, Garanoque could not be so base."

"And you spoke well; Garanoque is not a dog, but the son of Cathullin."

"I said: I will speak in his ear, and if he will listen, it is well; if not, I will come back to the Onondaga camp, and tell you his words. They feared you, but they let me go, and I ask you once more; will you be the chief of the Onondagas, and take a wife from among them?"

"If I say no—"

"Then you have seen the face of Eldorah for the last time. My brother will never give me to the renegade Onondaga, who dares to strike against the great Iroquois nation."

The bosom of Garanoque was torn by conflicting emotions. He knew well that if he refused this last offer, Eldorah would keep her word, and return to her friends; and it might be years before he would see her face again; perhaps never. His heart beat so loudly that they could hear its throbbing, and he stamped upon the earth in an agony of doubt and fear.

"Will Garanoque speak?" said the maiden.

"I *have* spoken!" thundered the chief. "I am not an Onondaga; I am a St. Regis, and can not be bought and sold."

The girl looked at him a moment in mute admiration and grief commingled; and then, turning on her heel, she stepped into her canoe and dipped the paddle into the water.

"Farewell, Garanoque," she said, in her sweet voice. "We meet no more; we are parted forever."

The canoe glided out of the harbor, leaving the chief standing fixed and motionless upon the shore, like a statue of bronze. For good or evil, he had made his election, and had kept his plighted faith.

CHAPTER III.

THE SALMON FISHERS.—AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

A ROUSING slap on the shoulder startled the moody chief, and for a moment he stared angrily at the man who had disturbed him; but, seeing only sympathy in the face of Long Gun, he took the hand extended to him so frankly, and pressed it between his own.

"Has Garanoque done right?" he asked. "Can Long Gun look him in the face, and say that there is any evil in the heart of a chief?"

"You have acted like a man," replied Long Gun, in the Indian tongue. "Whatever comes of this, if you should never see the face of Eldorah again, you may be sure of one

thing ; the heart in your bosom will be lighter than if you had wronged the St. Regis. It was a sharp game in Anada to send her to you, and I was afraid you would yield."

"There is a right way and a wrong, Long Gun," replied the chief, "and a good man can always choose the right. Where do we go now?"

"Do you give up Eldorah?"

"No ; I have come to take the pride of the Onondagas to my village, and I will do it, or leave my bones beside the sacred stream of the Onondagas."

"I am with you," said Long Gun, in a deep, stern voice. Had not the chief been absorbed by his own grief he would have noticed that Long Gun had dropped the nasal drawl, which up to this time distinguished him, and spoke in a way entirely free from Yankee idioms. He hesitated for a moment, and then laid his hand upon the shoulder of the chief.

"It will not do to stay here, Garanoque. Not that I think Eldorah would tell where we are willingly, but she will be forced to do it. I reckon we'll have to steal a canoe, somewhere."

He had again dropped into the Yankee drawl and was once more the trader, active, keen and unscrupulous.

"Where shall we get a canoe?" demanded the chief. "Garanoque is not a coward, and will follow where the Long Gun leads."

"Waal, see here ; them Injins never come here to fish salmon, yew understand ; because they could git all the salmon they wanted in the Oswego. Why, lord bless yew, the big river is b'iling over with them at this season of the year. Them Injins come here arter yew, and this fish-spearing is only a blind."

"My brother is right ; but how did the Onondagas know that Garanoque was on this trail?"

"Not knowing, I can't tell ; prob'ly they had spies on yew, because they wanter ring yew intew their band, someway. It looks pesky like it, tew my benighted intellect."

"Let us go," said the chief. "We will get a canoe and go to Oswego, and there wait for them."

"That's the ticket!" exclaimed the white. "Once we git tew Oswego, it will go hard but we'll steal the gal somehow,

and yew can take my word fur it, she is willing tew be stole. If I didn't think so, darned ef I'd have any thing tew dew with it. Come along."

The two brave men took the trail, Long Gun leading, as before. The weapon from which he took his name, a long rifle of the most approved make of the period, was carried at a trail. Half stooping, the better to see any obstruction which lay in the path, he moved on with the rapid but noiseless step of the practiced trailer. No sound was heard, save the shrill curr-r of that strange creature, the tree toad, the melancholy whippowil's cry, and the sighing of the wind through the tree-tops. Behind him came Garanoque, himself a keen and active trailer, with the same noiseless step, in spite of his powerful frame. The lights of the fishing party, although they seemed near across the water, were in reality some miles distant, and the foresters swung on with a free, careless step for nearly an hour, when the sound of voices and the splash of paddles showed them that they must be near the Indian camp. Now for careful work! Bending forward, until their faces were scarcely two feet from the earth, they crept up, inch by inch, until they reached the very border of the forest, which surrounded, on three sides, the opening in which the Onondaga camp was placed; and, parting the branches with care, they looked in upon a strange scene.

Several rude lodges had been built up, framed from the boughs of the hemlock and the pine interlaced. Facing the lake, in front of these lodges, a great fire had been kindled, composed mainly of resinous woods, which blazed up fiercely and threw a bright glare upon the surrounding trees. So bright was the light, that every figure in the camp could be distinctly seen, and even objects far out upon the lake were plainly visible. A dozen canoes were floating upon the surface of the lake, each containing two men, one sitting in the stern holding the ready paddle, and the other erect in the bow, poising in his right hand a three tined fish spear, ready for a dart. The place where the canoes lay was in a little sheltered bay, shielded by the point from the waves of the lake, and the water was as placid as a millpool. Into this bay the fish had been driven by the fury of the late storm

and the spearmen could choose from among the noblest of finny tribes. Now and then an Indian would lift his arm, and the spear would flash down into the pellucid water; and in another moment a great salmon, pierced through and through, would be lifted bodily from the water and deposited in the canoe. The party was a merry one, and that it was not intended for a war band, was evidenced by the fact that many women, girls and boys were in the camp, engaged in the work of cleaning and preparing the fish for drying. The merry laughter of the girls, and the careless shouts of the boys, sounded pleasantly in the clear night.

Anada stood alone in front of one of the lodges, his sinewy arms folded across his broad breast, and his eyes looking earnestly across the lake. He was waiting for Eldorah, the sister he loved, but whom he was willing to give up for the sake of peace in his tribe. He did not know how long she might be gone, and yet he was uneasy. Anada, as yet, had not dared to tell the whole truth, and his people did not know that his wounds, as well as those of his men, had been received in an encounter with Garanoque, the man they coveted for their chief. Only a few of the chief men knew the whole truth, and silence had been enjoined upon these, or the party would not have been so joyous. Their merriment grated upon Anada, who knew that he must go back to his tribe and tell them that seven of their best men had been nearly beaten, and four of them slain outright, by the powerful arm of the giant chief; and that, in the moment when he was at their mercy, Long Gun had stepped in and rescued him. Why did not Eldorah return? Was it likely that Garanoque would return? Was it likely that Garanoque would dare to detain her, and carry her away to his home in the North? Perhaps her own heart would fail her, for he knew that Eldorah loved the chief, and would gladly be his wife, if she might with honor. Yet he believed that Garanoque was a man of honor, and would not take advantage of the girl who had trusted herself to him.

"What is that?"

A light canoe was seen to flit in among the spearmen on the water, and head for the shore, flashing on rapidly, and with a thrill of joy the chief recognized Eldorah. She, at

least, had returned in safety, and he moved down to meet her. Garanoque watched the face of the woman he loved, as the strong glare of the fires fell upon it. There was a shadow of inexpressible sadness upon it, and the St. Regis felt that this sorrow was for her rejection, and again he had a strong battle with his heart. He knew he had only to walk into that camp, and announce that he had given up the St. Regis, and the hand of Eldorah would be given to him joyfully. He manned himself by an effort, and kept silent, watching the pair as they advanced, and stood in front of the lodge, not thirty feet distant. He could hear their words plainly.

"Eldorah has come back," said Anada. "Has she seen Garanoque, the Stone Chief?"

"Yes," replied Eldorah; "I met him where the Salmon river runs down into the lake. He was there with Long Gun."

"Did Eldorah speak to him?"

She bowed her head slightly, and Anada could see that she was little inclined to talk, and argued from this that her mission had been fruitless.

"Did Eldorah say to Garanoque, behold, I am here, and I give myself to you, if you will be chief of the Onondagas?"

"Eldorah could not do that," she said. "But, Garanoque understands that if he comes to us, I would be his wife. The chief is very noble, and Eldorah would be proud to be the wife of such a man."

"Did he dare refuse you?"

"A great chief is not to be bought and sold. Eldorah loves Garanoque better, because he had a strong heart and would not yield to his love," was the spirited reply.

"Eldorah is a fool!" cried Anada, angrily. "She did not speak plainly to Garanoque."

"Eldorah spoke as plainly as a maiden might, without putting herself to shame."

"Does Garanoque forget the blood from which you sprung, that he casts you aside as a thing of no worth? Do you not hate him now?"

"No."

"You must, or you are not the sister of Anada, the chief

of the Onondagas. Why did the cursed white man come between us? If he had not, the scalp of Garanoque would hang on a pole, in front of this lodge."

"Anada will never carry the scalp of Garanoque!" the girl said, angrily. "Let the chief beware how he speaks of a noble man, who may one day hold him in his power."

The chief uttered a low, fierce laugh.

"Did I not say that Eldorah is a fool? She has thrown her love away upon one who does not love her, and now, when he insults her she loves him the more. Has Manadoc the mighty, my father, raised a child who does not know enough to hate her enemies?"

"Eldorah is not a fool; she knows when she is loved, and when she is hated. Garanoque fought a hard battle with his own heart, for he loves Eldorah, and would do any thing to make her his wife. But he had given his faith to the St. Regis, and to Cathullin, his dead father; and he gave me up sooner than break his word."

"Let him go; he is a dog whom we will hunt to his hole in the ground," cried the chief. "When the morning breaks, forty braves will take the trail, and they shall not rest until they bring me the scalp of Garanoque."

"No, no!" pleaded Eldorah. "Why should he die, my brother?"

"While he lives we are not safe. He hates me and loves you, and will steal away the pride of the Onondagas. No; let him die."

"I will promise never to go with him, never to come into his lodge, if you will not follow on his trail."

The chief shook his head.

"Then go, if you will; but hear what I say. When next the giant chief pleads with Eldorah to go to the St. Regis and, she will listen to his voice. Since you hate him, I only love him the more."

For a moment the Onondaga chief stood irresolute, his hand grasping the handle of his hatchet, his flaming eyes fixed upon his sister, with a wild, fierce glare. He was tempted to slay her, then and there, rather than permit her to dishonor her father's house, as he felt she would do, if the opportunity were given her.

"Wait," said Anada, hoarsely. "You have spoken words which are a disgrace to the child of my father, but I have not heard them. Do not speak them again or you are dead."

The girl did not speak, but there was a look of determination on her face, which told that she was not conquered yet, although she would not bring danger on herself. It was well for Anada that she did yield so far, for he was very near to death. He little knew that two pairs of gleaming eyes were on him, from the cover. He raised his hand and pointed to the lodge.

"Go in," he said. "I will speak to you another day."

Eldorah gave him a look of defiance, and entered the lodge. The chief looked after her for a moment, and then uttered a signal cry. At the shout, every canoe headed for the shore, and the warriors landed.

"All hope is over," said Anada. "Garanogue will not have Eldorah for his wife, or be our friend. Let him die, since it must be so. Forget that he is of the blood of the Stone Man; think of him only as the St. Regis chief, who has slain our brothers in battle, and who is always ready to shed our blood. As the dog dies so let him die, and be buried in a pit so dark that no fire can light his way to the silent river. Bring in the dead, and let the Onondagas see them, and then they will be ready to die for the tribe. Listen; I met him by the Tumbling Water, in the Oneida land, and spoke him good words. I would have given him my place in the tribe, because my father did his father wrong. But he laughed us to scorn, and dared us to the fight. He is a brave man, and fought well. Four of our braves were slain by his hand, but I shot two long arrows into his arms, and he was helpless before us. He put his back against a rock, and still defied us, and I fitted an arrow to my bow. Then Long Gun came, and would not let us kill him, and they went away together.

"Then I sent Eldorah to him, and told him that if he would come into our tribe again, she should be his wife. He scorned the Pride of the Onondagas as he scorned me. He is a dog and must die."

"Let my brother speak the truth," cried the clear, sweet voice of Eldorah. "He did not scorn me."

The girl had come out of the lodge and stood in the doorway.

"Back!" hissed the chief. "Away before I forget myself, and kill you."

"I stand here for right. Garanoque said that he loved me, but he had given his word to the dead, and could not yield."

Fire flashed from the angry eyes of the chief, as he caught up his bow and fitted an arrow to the string; but a murmur among his own friends told him that it would not be safe to take vengeance upon Eldorah then. He had loved her, but her conduct was turning his very heart to gall in his bosom, and he could have killed her where she stood. Eldorah having done all she wished, once more disappeared within the lodge.

"The girl is mad," said Anada. "She said just now that she would fly with Garanoque, and leave the land of the Onondagas. Would it not be better that she should die, than bring disgrace upon the great tribe?"

There was an expression of dissatisfaction among the warriors, some of whom had even aspired to link their fortunes with those of the greatest family in the tribe, aside from that of the Stone Man, by marriage with Eldorah. The idea that she still loved the outcast chief was not pleasant to them, and the words of Anada had made them inveterate enemies of Garanoque.

"Let him die!" was the shout, as the party, men, women, and children gathered about the chief. He saw that he had worked them up to the proper pitch, and a look of delight flashed across his face as he felt that Garanoque could not elude their pursuit.

At this moment something called the attention of the Indians in another direction. There was a single dog in the camp, who, until the fishermen had been called in, had been lying on the gravel waiting for his master. The dog now approached the thicket in the rear of the camp, and was making short runs at the bushes, baying furiously at something concealed within. That something was Garanoque, who had been discovered by the vigilant brute! Long Gun and his Indian friend were in danger.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WRECKED CANOE.

IN all the Iroquois nation, none was by nature so well fitted for a leader of warriors as Anada. He was full of devices and stratagems, as had been shown in his encounter with the giant chief near Salmon Falls. He would fight as long as any thing was to be gained by it; and, failing in that, would fall back on his cunning, and strive to win the battle in that way. His quick wit told him that if it was not an animal concealed in the bushes, it must be human beings; why might it not be the daring Garanoque? Without a moment's pause, he divided his party into three parts, sending them to the right and left to envelop the spot where the dog was baying, leaving only five or six men in the camp. This was the weak point in his action, but he took it for granted that the enemy were already in retreat, and that his men would come upon them in the depths of the forest. With this idea, he put himself at the head of the detachment already on the move toward the right, leaving a young warrior, who aspired to the hand of Eldorah, and aimed to make himself great by valiant deeds, and thus win her regard, in charge of the camp.

Both detachments moved out on the long Indian lope, aiming to complete the "surround" as quickly as possible. Indeed, so rapidly was the work accomplished, that it was next to impossible for the hidden enemy to get away in time, except by a sudden rush, which would have put the braves a-
once upon the track, and this was hardly the course which would be adopted by so wily a leader as Garanoque. The young brave who had charge of the camp was burning with impatience, desiring to rush forward and cope single handed, if need be, with his powerful rival—if, indeed it was the St. Regis chief; but Anada had ordered him to stand his ground until he heard a signal—three blows upon a tree, on the right and left, and he waited, in anxious impatience. No sound

came from the forest; for Anada, even in the rapid rush to complete the "surround," had maintained the caution so characteristic of the Indian. No sound, save the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops, and the low growls of the dog, who had come back obedient to his master's call, and now lay at his feet, his fierce eyes blazing with the desire to be let loose upon the foe. The minutes seemed ages to the young leader, and to the women and children, who were huddled together near the lodges.

Still they waited in the utmost anxiety, but no sound was heard. In reality, scarcely five minutes had elapsed since the departure of the band, but it seemed an hour to them.

Hark!

"Tap, tap, tap!" on the right.

"Tap, tap, tap!" on the left.

The surround was completed.

With wild shouts, the five warriors rushed into the thicket, headed by their brave young leader, and on that instant up rose the giant chief from his covert—for he had not moved an inch—with the stout-hearted Yankee trader by his side. The wounds of the brave chief were not such as to sap the bodily strength of such a man, and at the first blow he struck, the ambitious young chief had found his fortune, the death of a brave man. Two pistol shots were heard, and two warriors reeled to the earth. Then, thrusting the weapons into his belt, the Yankee snatched the rifle from his back and the two made a forward rush. The three remaining Onondagas quailed before the onset.

But these men had an object in thus assailing the camp.

Dashing the boys right and left, the two friends rushed down to the shore, where the canoes were huddled together. While the white trader hastily pushed off one of the lightest among them, the giant chief dashed his foot through the bottom of one after another, until every one was thus made useless. Then throwing four or five paddles into the canoe, they pushed off hastily, and had nearly reached the entrance to the bay, when Anada, heading his warriors, arrived upon the point. His yell of rage was answered by one of equal volume from the throat of Garanoque, only his cry was full of defiance.

"Stay, red hound of the St. Regis!" screamed Anada "Coward! Our women would not fly like that."

"Then yew have got some dreadful foolish wimmin in yewr camp, Anada, my son," cried Long Gun. "I'd run, every time."

"I hear you, white dog of the pale-faces," yelled Anada. "Wait; we are coming."

"Can't stay to shake hands jist now, Anada; I'd rather shake hands with a ba'r, if it's all the same tew yew."

Both the trader and his Indian friend were skillful paddlers, and the canoe leaped before their vigorous strokes. They saw Anada run from one to another of the canoes, and then shaking his brown hand in the air, he dashed across the point, followed by a number of his best men.

"Whar are them chaps going, Garanoque? I guess we'd better put in our best licks, fur if I ain't mistaken, they've got canoes somewhar that we dunno any thing about."

The two bent to their paddles, heading directly out into the lake. Their doubts, if they had any, were soon set at rest, for two large canoes, one containing eight men, and the other six, headed out from the point, and bounded rapidly across the waves toward them!

Both men felt that their case was a desperate one; but a stern chase is always a long one, and the two bent to their work with a desperate earnestness, and for a time actually held their own. But, this hard work had set the wounds of Garanoque to bleeding afresh, and although he would not speak of it, the white trader, who sat behind him, saw that his hands and arms were dropping blood at every stroke of the paddle.

In the bottom of the canoe were a number of stones, which had been placed there by the boys in their sports. They were of the kind found upon the shores of great bodies of water, worn smooth by the action of the waves. Measuring the distance between himself and the leading canoe, with his eyes, the trader formed a sudden scheme of defense.

"'I guess I see my way outter this,' as David said to the heathen Goliath," he said, with a low laugh. "Slack up, chief; let 'em come nearer."

"Is my brother turned coward?" cried the chief, fiercely

"Does he think that Garanoque will yield to these dogs? No; let the waters of Ontario take me, if they will; I shall at least die like a man."

"See here, chief," said Long Gun. "I ain't dun nothing tew make yew think me a coward yit, have I?"

"No; what does my brother mean?"

"Look at this," replied the trader.

He had ceased to paddle and lifted one of the stones in his hand. It was a heavy one, weighing four or five pounds. The moment the chief saw it, a smile passed over his face.

"Good," he said, "My brother is very wise, and Garanoque is a fool."

"No, no; you didn't see them, that's all. Now be stiddy, and hold yewr paddle reddy, and when I give the word—go! You hear me?"

"Garanoque understands; let it be as my brother says."

By this time they were nearly half a mile from the shore, and the speed of the escaping canoe slackened, perceptibly.

"Hu!" cried Anada. "See; the dogs have weak arms, and they are ours. Work, work, my braves, and we shall have them."

His canoe dashed on, three or four hundred yards in advance of the other, which was not so well manned, and was deficient in paddles, as in their haste only four could be found, leaving two braves idle, adding by their weight to the labors of the others. Exultant shouts burst from the warriors in the leading canoe, for their prey was almost in their grasp. One thing puzzled them; the deadly rifle of the trader, which no man knew better than he how to use, lay near his hand, and he made no effort to lift it. The two men seemed to be straining every nerve to escape.

"Do not think to escape now, Garanoque," cried the angry chief. "We will give you a warrior's death, the trial by fire."

Garanoque did not turn his head, but at a word from the trader, he dropped his paddle across his knees, in such a way that he could grasp it in an instant. Long Gun turned in his seat, and addressed Anada.

"What will you do with me?"

"White dog! There is no torture which we will not give

you; but for you, Garanoque would have been mine this day."

"It's no use to work," said Long Gun, laying down his paddle, and rising on one knee. "You orter give me a chance, because—take that, yew red thief!"

He had waited until scarcely twenty feet separated the canoes, and then, rising suddenly, he hurled the stone with vindictive force, and a certainty of aim which took even Garanoque by surprise.

The stone was aimed, not at the chief, but at the bow of the canoe, and struck the thin bark about four inches above the water line, slanting downward. It tore through the bark as if it had been paper, and passed out at the bottom of the canoe, making another great rent, which would have insured the sinking of a ship.

"Go!" shouted the white trader, grasping his paddle. "I guess Mr. Anada will have tew swim a few. Dog my cats, but that was a good throw. Look back, Garanoque."

Even while he worked with desperate energy, the Indian looked over his shoulder, and saw a sight which drew a shout of triumph from his lips. The Indians were floundering in the water, each grasping his paddle. The other canoe was sweeping up, to pick up the scattered men, although it was plain that their canoe would not hold half their number.

"I ain't much skeered of them now," said Long Gun. "You rest awhile, chief, and let me keep the paddle going. we may need all your strength yet."

The chief laid down his paddle gladly, and proceeded to rearrange the bandages upon his wounded arms. Heading a little more up the lake, so that he could watch the enemy, Long Gun paddled on briskly. He could see that the wrecked canoe was floating gunwale-deep in the water, and could be of no further use to their enemies, and that they were helping Anada, first of all, into the sound canoe. The two Indians without paddles, leaped into the water, and two of Anada's chief warriors took their places in the canoe, making the number up to eight.

"What will the mean cusses dew now, I wonder?" said the white man. "I shill hev tew dew suthing I'd a good deal ruther not, if they keep fooling."

The men in the water, after balancing themselves for a moment to hear the orders of their chief, turned toward the shore, now nearly three-quarters of a mile distant. It looks like a long swim, but to Indians, it was the merest child's play, and they could do it easily. An Indian does not swim as the white man does, by taking equal strokes with both arms, but by stretching out first one arm and then the other, doing most of the work with the feet. Although far from graceful swimmers, they get through the water rapidly, and Long Gun had no doubt of their ability to reach the shore in safety.

"My brother can never go back to the Onondagas," said the chief, sadly. "I have made them his enemies."

"What do I keer? I can git pelts enough witheout going among them dirty thieves. Ha! Take up the paddle, chief; here they come."

It was true. Having cleared the canoe of all useless material, and filled it with his best men, leaving those in the water to take care of themselves, the canoe came bounding over the waves in close pursuit. The vengeful shouts of the Onondagas rung in their ears.

CHAPTER V.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

"By gosh!" said Long Gun. "Them critters mean business this time, sure as shewting. We'll have some fun eout of them yet."

He looked anxiously at the chief, and could see that, in spite of his strenuous efforts, the recent loss of blood had begun to tell upon him. In addition to this, the moment he commenced paddling, the blood started from beneath the bandages, which he had just replaced.

"I didn't want tew dew it," muttered the trader. "Work stiddy, chief: I've got to give these critters a lesson."

He laid the paddle down and took up his rifle.

"Kittles to mend," he said. "That chap in the bow must go hum, and git a new arm put on."

The rifle rose slowly to a level, and the sharp, whip-like crack sounded over the water, while the ball sped upon its errand. It did not seem as if he had taken any aim, yet the Indian in the bow of the canoe dropped his paddle, and clasped his right arm just above the elbow.

"Tally one!" yelled Long Gun. "I guess *he* won't use a paddle any more this blessed night."

There was a momentary confusion in the canoe and then it once more dashed on in chase. The pride of the Indians would not allow them to turn back now, and Long Gun reloaded his discharged weapon.

"I'd give Anada a pill if I could git at him," he said. "Keep to work, chief; we'll see who gits tired of this game fust."

Garanoque kept up the same steady stroke, rapid, but firm, in spite of the growing weakness which he felt coming into his powerful arm. His heart did not fail him, even in this hour of extreme peril, and the same smile showed itself upon his face as he drove the canoe rapidly through the water. He looked up at the orb of night, and saw that if he could baffle the pursuers for half an hour longer, the moon would go down, leaving them in darkness. In that case they could easily escape, for their enemies would not know which way to pursue in the darkness. He said as much to Long Gun, who nodded gravely, and sighted again at the canoe. This time he waited until the course of his canoe was so changed as to bring the line of paddles exactly in range, when he pulled the trigger, and was delighted to see the leading man fall into the bottom of the canoe, while the man next to him dropped his paddle into the water, and his right arm hung useless by his side. The bullet had passed through the body of the first man, and broken the arm of the one behind him.

"Lumber is down!" cried Long Gun, with a shrill laugh. "If yew don't git sick fust darn my hide and buttons. Hump along, Injin; I'm game tew lay out the hull intire party."

Of course, in firing at the Indians in the canoe, he had

turned his back upon Garanoque. Receiving no answer, and perceiving that the progress of the canoe had been suddenly checked, he looked over his shoulder, and saw Garanoque, with uplifted paddle, glaring at another canoe, which had crept out from the point below, and was close to them before he had perceived it. With a loud cry of rage, Long Gun snatched up his paddle, and they again headed out into the lake, leaving a canoe on each side. If they veered to the right, they would fall into one danger; if to the left, into another. While, if they kept on their course, both canoes would be aboard at the same time."

"Look here, Garanoque," said Long Gun, again dropping his nasal drawl. "There is only one way, and that is to attack one or the other of these canoes. I don't think these fellows on the right know how the other canoe was sunk, and if we are lucky, we can put them out of their misery before Anada comes up. What do you say?"

"My brother is wise; if we are beaten, it is better to die fighting."

"At them, then!"

The bow of the canoe swung around, and they headed directly for the canoe on the right, or to the west, the way they wished to go. The Indians, who had expected to see them keep on their course, paused, undecided what to do, and at first seemed inclined to back out; but, at the fierce order of their subordinate chief, they dashed their paddles into the water, and rushed on to meet the advancing canoe.

Long Gun had kept his seat until only a few feet separated the canoes, when he started up and dashed a large stone through the bow of the canoe, completely disabling it, and leaving the occupants at the mercy of the waves; while the other canoe sheered off, amid the jeering laughter of Long Gun, and the howl of dismay, which, coming across the water, told the rage of Anada, who, in spite of the wounded men in his canoe, still kept up the pursuit. Long Gun was confident that they could easily escape from their enemies, when Garanoque, with a low gasp, fell forward in the canoe, fainting from loss of blood. Anada, who was about ready to give up the chase, for the moon was nearly down, noted and understood the nature of the catastrophe, and amid hideous

yells of delight, his craft came bounding on. Long Gun had only time to lay the Indian down in a position to "trim" the canoe, and then threw all his energies into an effort to escape. But, in spite of his utmost exertions, the Onondaga came on, hand over hand, when suddenly the chief started and looked up at the sky, and, to the utter surprise of the trader, the head of the pursuing canoe was whirled suddenly for the shore, the savages paddling as if their lives depended on their speed. The trader now also looked up at the sky and in a moment understood the cause of their haste. A black wall was rolling up from the south-east, and he knew that one of those terrible storms so common on this great lake, was nearly upon them.

He dared not head for the shore, as the Onondagas had done, for he would surely fall into their hands and meet a fearful fate. His only chance, for the present, was to keep to the lake. The moon was now obscured by rolling clouds, and he could no longer mark the course of the flying canoe, or of the swimmers, whom they had left in the water.

His only thought was of himself and his companion in danger, who lay still and cold in the bottom of the frail canoe, his stony face turned up to the dark sky. A sudden, blinding flash of lightning revealed the whole scene for a brief space. He saw the expectant figures upon the point, the canoe half way to the land, the occupants of the last canoe swimming with all their power to reach the shore and then—darkness!

"It will be a tough job," muttered the trader, "but it's the only chance. If the Indian could only help me it would be better; but I must make the best of it."

The wind was rising slowly, with a low, continuous roar. There was a sort of a *pause* in nature, the precursor of the coming blast. The set, firm face of the trader, as revealed by the flash of the lightning, told a story of wonderful power, and a purpose which nothing could bend or break. He sat in the stern, the ready paddle in his hand, waiting for the next flash. It came, and he saw that the Onondagas had nearly reached the shore, and the swimmers were passing through the last line of surf, on the other side of which was safety.

"The dirty thieves!" growled the Yankee. "They'll git clear, sure enough; it ain't so sure about us, I guess. Thunder! That was a flash, and the bolt ain't far off."

The crash of the thunder was now like the rattle of a park of artillery in some great battle. The lightning-flashes were incessant, but the wind did not come. Ha! Hear that roar, sounding through the peal of the thunder. Great masses of black clouds could be seen rolling up from the south-east, every time the lightning flashed. *Wind* there, and enough of it! Long Gun, who knew these inland seas well, was sure of that, and he bent to his paddle, aiming to keep the wind astern. It came now, with a shriek like that of imprisoned demons suddenly let loose, and the great pines upon the shore went crashing down before it. Garanoque still lay silent in the bottom of their little craft, unable either to speak or move; but he had sense enough left to know the danger, although he could not avert it. At first, the waves seemed to flatten under the mighty force of the gale, but the next moment, tossing their white crests in the air, they hurled the light vessel onward, as an arrow from the bow. Few men upon that border understood the management of a canoe better than Long Gun, and in spite of the fearful wind, she "rode the waters like a thing of life." With an amateur, at the paddle, a canoe is a ticklish craft; but with such a man as this, it can be made to do good service, and, riding so high upon the crest of the waves is not likely to ship much water.

The rapidity with which the canoe was hurled onward through the gloom, was fearful; the paddle of the trader flashed from side to side, as the strong wind strove to force the stern to the right or left, a calamity which would have been certain to swamp them.

"Can't you work yourself nearer to me, chief," said the white man, quietly. "The canoe would trim better."

Garanoque obeyed, and inch by inch, with the greatest caution, he crept toward the stern, until his feet touched those of the trader, who was curled up in the stern. The face of the chief did not betray his knowledge of their peril, as the flash of lightning revealed it. Not a muscle in his stern face moved, although he knew that the chances were a hundred to one against their escape. His steadfast face made

the white man stronger, as he saw it revealed in the lightning's red glare.

"Chief," he said, in the Indian tongue. "I have work to do upon the earth, but I am almost content to die, since, by so doing, I can die in good company. We shall not go out of the world whining like cowardly foxes."

"No," replied Garanoque, the bleeding of whose wounds had been stopped by the cold spray, which constantly dashed over him. "What better death could brave men ask than this, in the roar of the tempest, taken up by the hand of the Great Master of Life? No, my brother, if it is His will, we will sing our death song louder than the roaring of His breath, and go home content."

The Indian's faith is simple, and beautiful. He asks not the shining palaces which others seek, in the great world which lies beyond the grave; but, he seeks green fields and pleasant forests, the delights of the chase, and the eternal friendship of those gone on before. And the just Indian, who has done his duty by his tribe, is strong in his belief. Who shall say that the faith which has been given him through countless generations, does not merit some reward in the days which are to come?

The storm raved on, the lightning still flashed, the peal of the thunder was loud, and the canoe rushed on before it. The trader was more hopeful, as time went on, and the canoe yet lived. It did not want an hour to morning, and if he could keep her afloat until then, he doubted not his ability to beach her on some patch of gravel, so that they could escape. But could he do this? In spite of his efforts, some water had come aboard, and Garanoque was lying in a deep pool.

"Can you use your arm at all, chief?" the white man asked. "I'm afraid too much water is coming in to be healthy."

"I am stronger," replied the Indian. "If I had a cup, I could keep the water out."

By way of answer, the trader put into his hand a back-born drinking-cup which he wore at his girdle. By the aid of the hand of Long Gun, the Indian rose to a sitting posture, and began to bale out the water, and soon the canoe rode more freely.

It is an old saying, that "the darkest hour is just before day." Never was this more fully exemplified than in the present instance, for it seemed that the trader could *feel* the darkness. A somber pall hung over the apparently doomed men, who knew not which way they were driving, nor what dangers lay before. Long Gun did not make any attempt to paddle, but simply to keep the little vessel before the wind. If he succeeded in this, all would be well, unless the direction of the wind carried them among the breakers.

Listen !

A sullen and fast-increasing roar was added to the noises in their ear, a sound which could be mistaken for nothing else, the roar of breakers upon a rocky shore. The trader heard it first, and looked at the Indian, as he sat upon the bottom of the canoe.

"Do you hear that, my brother?"

"I hear it," replied Garanoque. "The Great Master of Life, who has kept us safe thus far, can carry us through the great waves along the shore."

"I'd keep her off a little if I dared," muttered the trader, "only I am afraid to take the wind on the quarter. Shall I keep her head where it is, and take the chances?"

"There are no *chances*," replied the chief. "If the Great Spirit saves us He saves us ; if not, we are ready to go."

"Chief," cried Long Gun, "I glory in you, and only wish my faith was as strong as yours. You think we can't do better than to keep on?"

"You cannot go back ; let us therefore go forward as brave men should."

For a single instant only the white man hesitated, while he kept his paddle playing about the stern. The roar of the breakers sounded louder and louder in his ears, and a few moments might see them hurled upon the rocks, for all he knew. He waited for the next flash of lightning, and when it came, for the first time, this gallant man was appalled. Close at hand was a line of surf, running out nearly a mile from a long, dark, wooded point. Within the first line and nearly a hundred yards from the shore was a second line of breakers, while the space between was a yeast of driving foam. All this was revealed in the glare of the lightning, and as the

flash came, the trader headed the canoe for what seemed the safer part of the outer line.

"Chief," he cried, above the roar of the breakers. "Take care of yourself, for I am going through the surf. If we die, good-by to you!"

"We shall meet and clasp hands, somewhere, my brother," replied the chief. "We cannot part here."

Both men were silent, and the grinding of set teeth could be heard, as the light canoe which had so gallantly borne them through the dangers of the night, dashed down upon deadly peril, on that unknown shore!

CHAPTER VI.

ETOCHEE, THE ONEIDA.

THE scene changes!

The mouth of the Oswego, A. D. 1648; a great, shifting flood, darker than the waters of the lake, diffused itself in the surrounding blue. Upon the eastern side of the harbor, a great bluff nearly two hundred feet in height, rose abruptly from the water's edge. Upon the west was a strip of level land, only a few hundred feet in width, and beyond this another bluff, nearly as high as the one upon the east, ran along the shore of the lake for nearly half a mile. Up the river rose a continuous line of bluffs and low hills, overlying beds of red sandstone. As yet, few white men had trod these shores, although both French and English were looking at the place as a convenient station for trade with the Onondagas, as well as a military post, and not many years later, it was the scene of fierce struggles, and bloody Indian massacres.

Upon the level ground between the river and the western bluffs, a party of Indians were encamped, and a number of canoes were drawn up on a little peninsula,* just within the

* This peninsula is now an island, for the neck has long ago been cut away to enlarge the harbor. The island is now the site of a plaster mill and lumber dock.

harbor. These canoes are patched rudely, and show marks of hard usage; in fact, they are the canoes which we have seen so roughly handled by Garanoque and Long Gun, upon the shore of the lake, near Port Ontario. The chief, Anada, is here, and his party has been largely augmented, for the real fishing-ground of the Onondagas is the Oswego, at this time swarming with salmon, although that noble fish, in our day, has been driven out of the river by the large dams erected for canal and milling purposes, in the place of every rapid along the stream. The face of Anada was dark and gloomy. He had been defeated in his enterprise, and the last of the Stone Race, instead of ruling over the tribe, had been overwhelmed in the waters of the lake, in the storm two night's ago. In spite of the destruction of his followers, Anada was deeply grieved, for a prophesy had told him that the future of the Onondagas greatly depended upon the life of Garanoque.

"Let Eldorah come to me," he said, addressing an Indian girl, who stood near him.

"Eldorah is in the woods, under a pine tree," replied the girl. "She does not weep, her eyes are dry, but her eyes are wild. Let the chief beware of her, for she is mad."

The chief started, and looked troubled. He was proud of his beautiful sister, and through her had hoped to make his family great, by an alliance with Garanoque. Now that hope was gone, and he feared for the reason of the girl, who had loved the giant chief better than he had imagined.

"I will go to her, if she will not come to me," said the chief. "Show the way, Narcissa."

The Indian girl took the trail with a quick step, and threaded her way through the forest for nearly a mile. A tinkle as of water dropping over a tiny fall, announced their approach to some small stream, and they came out into a beautiful opening, where, upon the bank of a wooded creek, sat Eldorah, with a wild look in her eyes. Her bow, strung to its utmost tension, lay at her feet. She did not speak, but sat rocking herself to and fro, in an utter abandonment to grief. As Narcissa had said, she did not weep. Her grief was dry-eyed, but it is not the most intense sadness which finds vent in a flood of tears. The girl Narcissa stopped,

and pointed to Eldorah, and then, turning on her heel, she left the brother and sister together. Eldorah started to her feet, with the bow in her hand. She saw before her the man who had destroyed her lover. She forgot that he was her brother, and in an instant an arrow was fitted to the string, and drawn to the head, directed at the broad breast of Anada. But the chief did not blench in the face of death, for he had learned to look at it only as the mode of the warrior's entrance into the Indian paradise.

"Eldorah will shoot," he said, calmly. "The same mother brought us forth, and the Red Fox was our father. Let Eldorah loose the shaft."

The point of the arrow trembled, and the bow-string relaxed a little, but she did not lower it.

"Garanoque is dead," she said, in a hollow voice. "Who killed him?"

"Was it I?" demanded the chief, quietly. "Who came like a thief in the night, and broke through my camp? Who stole my canoe, and fled out into the lake; who, when we followed, sunk two canoes, and killed three of my best braves? Eldorah has a good memory; let her tell me this."

The bow dropped from her hand.

"If Garanoque is dead," continued the chief, "it is the work of the Manitou. Dare you question His right to kill, or to make alive?"

The girl trembled, and turned away from the intense gaze of her brother. There was some magnetic power in the eye of the Onondaga, which took the strength out of her body, and she began to realize that she had been upon the verge of committing a terrible crime. Anada had only done his duty to his tribe when he pursued Garanoque, and the St. Regis would have done the same in his place. She fell on her knees before him.

"Pardon me, my brother. Garanoque is dead, and my heart is broken. I was mad when I pointed the arrow at your heart."

"Is Anada angry with his dear sister, Eldorah?" replied the chief, in a voice of singular sweetness. "No; he has only sorrow in his heart for her, because he had hoped to see her the wife of the great chief, who died in the grasp of the

storm. Anada loved Garanoque, because of his blood, but the hope of the Stone Race is gone, forever. Let Eldorah look up. She will be the mother of warriors in the days which are to come."

Eldorah shook her head.

"There was only room for one in my heart, and he is gone."

The chief frowned slightly for this did not suit him; yet, he was politic enough to say no more, and taking the hand of Eldorah in his he led her back toward the camp, which he found in some commotion, caused by the arrival of a party of Oneidas under the leadership of a celebrated chief, a warm friend of Anada's. This chief was standing near the river bank, but turned back to meet them. He was a man in the prime of life, with a fierce eye and a face scarred by many a savage battle. He was of powerful build and had a reputation for desperate bravery, which did not yield to that of Anada. He was known in his tribe as Estochee, signifying in his language, the Strong Hand.

"Estochee is welcome to the camp of the Onondagas," said the chief. "Has he come to smoke a pipe with his brother?"

"Estochee has heard that Garanoque is on the trail, and has come to take his scalp."

"No man will ever bear the scalp of Garanoque in his girdle," replied Anada. "The race of the Stone Man is ended."

"Is Garanoque dead?" demanded the Oneida, with a look of joy upon his face. "The Great Spirit has been good to Estochee. Eldorah, pride of the Onondagas, let a chief touch your hand."

She gave him her hand with a royal gesture, and then went away, leaving Anada and his visitor together.

"Listen, Anada," said Estochee, looking after the beautiful girl. "Long ago I said to you give me Eldorah for a wife. You said—'not so; a prophesy gives her to Garanoque.' But you said: 'when Garanoque is dead come to me and I shall have another answer.' Garanoque is dead; I have come to hear your words."

"Estochee," replied the Onondaga. "If you can win the love of Eldorah, she is yours, for I love you."

"I will show her the scalps I have taken, and the warriors who follow me to battle. Shall I speak to her now?"

"Will Estochee listen to the words of his friend?"

"The ears of Estochee are open; let Anada speak."

"Eldorah loved Garanoque, and hoped to be his wife. She has not yet forgotten the strong chief, and will weep for him many days. Then her heart will be empty, and she will look for a strong chief to fill it. If you speak to her now, she will say no."

"Eldorah is a woman. Are you not a chief of the Onondagas, whom all men and women of the tribe ought to obey? Speak to her, and bid her come into my lodge."

"Let her have peace for a little. Her heart is very sore on account of the giant chief, for she loved him well. It will be better for the Oneida to wait."

"Estochee has heard the words of his brother, and will wait ten suns. When they are passed by, he will speak, and if Eldorah will not listen to his words, then you will give her to him?"

"Yes."

"No man shall take her from me?"

"No one; not even if Garanoque rise from the lake and claim her."

A chill passed through his frame, as he spoke these words. He thought of Garanoque and of the wild death he died, and of Long Gun who had been the friend of the Onondagas. Manning himself with an effort, he called to one of his warriors, and gave orders to prepare a feast in honor of the Oneidas. The warriors took their bows, and departed in every direction in quest of game. In the course of an hour they began to return, one after another, singly and in groups, bearing noble spoils. And before night the material for a noble feast was spread upon the grass. The women and children had been busy and great log-heaps had been burning for hours, making beds of coal, which would not soon cool down. A large pit had been dug, and when the right time came the carcasses of three large deer, carefully prepared and enveloped in clay, were laid upon a bed of glowing coals, which had been cast into the pit. Upon this other coals were raked, until the pit was full, when a great fire was built

above it, and allowed to burn at will. In the mean time, others of the women had been preparing the smaller game, and roasting partridge, squirrel, and snipe over smaller fires. Others still prepared the savory succotash, for it was the green corn season, and the waving fields of the Oswegoes gave them corn and beans.

It was a great occasion, and Anada wished to do honor to his distinguished guest and brother-in-law in prospective. The maidens, crowned with flowers, moved about preparing the feast, while the medicine-men pronounced their incantations, and called down the blessing of the Great Spirit upon their feast. In two or three hours the fire had burned down, the coals and ashes were thrown out with sticks, and by the aid of hooked poles, the clay-covered carcasses were dragged out of their bed, and laid upon pine boughs, prepared for their reception. When cooled sufficiently, so that they could be touched, the clay was removed, taking with it the inner cuticle of the animals, and leaving the bodies with all their savory juices intact, ready for the knife. The head men gathered in a circle about the pine boughs, squatting upon blankets, while the men of lesser note made a second circle. The medicine-men, with many ceremonies, after the pipe was passed, cut up the game, reserving the titbits for the inner circle.

"Where is Eldorah?" said Estochee. "Let her come into the circle, for she is worthy to sit in the circle of chiefs."

Numerous sounds of approval were heard, but Eldorah would not come. She knew too well the designs of the fierce Oneida and would not seem to give him any encouragement.

"See you," said Estochee, taking a bottle from beneath his blanket. "You have heard of white men, and know that they are fierce and strong. The Indian is brave, but he is a nothing before the fire-sticks of the Yengees. See; in this is some of the drink of the white men, and it will make us as wise as they."

"No!" thundered Anada. "It is the bad drink of the white men, that makes the Indians blind, so that they give up their lands. I will not drink it."

But others of the warriors were less scrupulous, and the bottle circulated often during the feast, and of the whole

party, Estochee drank most freely. Unaccustomed to the use of ardent spirits, the liquor took strong hold of his brain, and long before the feast was ended, he was gloriously drunk. In this situation his thoughts turned to Eldorah, and he determined to see her, and ask her to be his wife. Estochee is not the first one made amorous by strong waters. While the women and children were feasting upon the remains of the repast, after their lords had their fill, he staggered away to the part of the beach upon which he had seen Eldorah when the repast commenced. He found her standing in the moonlight beneath the shadow of a great pine, looking out across the lake.

"Speak to me, great water," she cried. "Tell me, hast thou taken the life of my chief, the brave Garanoque?"

"Garanoque is dead," cried Estochee, "and it is not good that the pride of the Onondagas should mourn for him. See; I am a great warrior, and many scalps hang in my wigwam. My hand is quick to strike a bounding deer, and there would always be meat in the lodge. Come with me and make the lodge-fire bright, in the land of the Oneida."

"The dove does not mate with the crow!" she replied, angrily. "Garanoque was an eagle, but he stooped to the dove. Go; he loved me, and I can love no other."

"Estochee is not a fool, to listen to the talk of a girl. Many maidens in the Oneida lodges would gladly be the wife of a great chief. Red Fawn has been put in my hand by her father, and who is there among the Oneida girls more beautiful than she? But, I will not take her to my lodge, for I have only a place there for Eldorah."

"Red Fawn is beautiful. She is worthy to be the wife of as brave a man as Estochee. Take her to your lodge and be happy. The hand of Eldorah is too light to rest in that of the Oneida chief."

"Who is there among the Onondagas so fit to be the mate of Eldorah as Estochee? See; I have chosen you. It is spoken; come into my lodge."

"Is the ear of the chief stopped with clay, that he can not hear the words of Eldorah? I will not come into your lodge."

"Here is the stick," cried this persistent suitor. "It is

charmed by the medicine-men of Oneida. It is the seal of betrothal, and makes you mine, when I come to claim you. Break it, and Estochee will go back to the Oneidas, and await your time."

He extended to her the charmed stick, which among the Indians of many tribes, constituted the seal of betrothal. The maiden breaks it, and gives half to her lover, and their faith is pledged.

"Away!" cried Eldorah. "I will not break the stick with you."

He still strove to force it into her hand, but she snatched the stick, and hurled it out into the waves. He seized her suddenly, full of fierce anger, but an interruption came, for which neither had looked. A dark form arose above the bank, and grappled fiercely with Estochee, and, after a brief struggle, the two rolled down the steep bank into the water, which at this place was nearly ten feet deep. A loud splash announced their arrival at the water, which the next moment closed over their heads, and great ripples spread out over the place where they went down.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHIEF'S TEST.

As he grappled with his unknown adversary, Estochee uttered a loud signal whoop, which was answered by the Onondagas and Oneidas in the camp, and fifty warriors sprung out to aid the chief in his struggle. They came too late, for when they reached the scene of the struggle, they found Eldorah, half-kneeling on the bank, looking down into the dark water. A moment later and a tufted head came out of the dark depths at their feet, and by the light of the torches, which all carried, they could see the scarred face of Estochee. He swam to the bank in a feeble way, and clung there, until half a dozen men went down, seized upon him, and carried him up the bank. The Oneida was gasping for breath, and

there was a livid ring about his throat, where he had felt the grip of iron fingers. Nothing was to be seen of his antagonist, whoever it might have been, and the thick darkness which covered the lake, except where the torchlight fell upon it, revealed nothing. Eldorah still fixed her piercing gaze upon the dark water, as if she would penetrate its very depths. But, she could see nothing, and Estochee was not yet able to speak.

"How is it with my brother?" demanded Anada, who had come up with the rest. "Is his heart strong? Has the fire-water of the white man made him brave?"

There was a strong suspicion of sarcasm in the tone of the Onondaga, and Estochee, who was completely sobered by his plunge into the water, could not but note it. He rose with an effort and faced his would-be brother-in-law with such a fierce glance, that Anada involuntarily laid his hand upon his hatchet.

"Hugh!" he said, after a slight pause, which was ominous in its very silence. "It is not good for the Oneida chief to look at Anada in that way, for his hand is quick to find a weapon. Let us not be children, but act like warriors and friends. Let Estochee speak; who is this with whom he fought?"

"The night was dark," replied Estochee, "and I could not see his face."

"Is he dead?"

"I can not tell. We fought under the water of the lake, and his hand was on my throat. I do not know whether he is alive or dead."

Eldorah had not quitted her attitude of attention. She seemed to listen for a signal, which did not come. Suddenly she started, and a warm glow suffused her cheek, while a look of delight came into her eyes. What had she heard? Nothing, save the cry of a loon, pealing out with wonderful distinctness from the bosom of the lake. Yet to her it meant something more.

"Stand back, warriors," cried Anada. "Give me a torch."

He took the lighted pine knot in his hand, and searched the ground where the struggle had taken place. But, whether by accident or design, the movements of Eldorah

had obliterated the trail, which only covered a space of two or three feet, upon the very brink of the steep bank. Anada uttered an exclamation of impatience, and pushed her back.

"Why do you trample on the trail, Eldorah?" he cried. "Is this dog your friend, who has tried to take the life of Estochee?"

"Estochee is a fool," replied Eldorah. "He came to me, drunk with the bad spirits of the white men, and asked me to come into his lodge. I will not go into the lodge of such a fool."

Estochee uttered a low, hissing cry of rage, and his eyes took on a tiger-like gleam, as he came forward.

"Cease," said Anada, proudly. "You shall have justice, Estochee; for the daughter of the Red Fox has no right to insult my friend. She shall be yours before five suns: I promise you that."

"I will die first," cried Eldorah. "Knives are sharp, and water can drown. While the means of death are before me, I do not fear you, scum of the red Oneidas. Go; I will not be your wife."

"The lodge awaits you, Eldorah," replied her brother, pointing toward the camp; go."

She knew by the expression of his eyes that he would enforce obedience, and as she did not care to defy him then, she turned toward the camp. Narcissa and one or two other Indian girls walked with her.

"See," she said, to Narcissa. "My brother would give me away to one who is not of our blood, and a man I hate. Are there no brave men among the Onondagas, that I must go into the lodge of an Oneida? Whisper it among the young warriors, and see what they say."

Eldorah was a politician. She knew that her only hope lay in exciting the clanship which existed even among the Six Nations, the strongest confederacy the Indians ever boasted. The Onondagas claimed precedence of all others, as the guardians of the sacred fire in the council-house at Onondaga, and in a measure despised the Oneidas, who were not always obedient to the will of the majority, as was shown in their afterward taking sides with the Americans, in the

revolutionary struggle. Eldorah had confidence that a little fire, blown by the breath of women, would soon kindle into a great flame, and she stood in the entrance of her lodge, watching Narcissa, as she glided about among the women, priming them for the work. It was not long before the girls were seen conversing with male friends among the younger warriors, and it was plain that dissatisfaction was growing in the camp. The young warriors of the Onondagas grouped together, casting threatening glances at the Oneidas, who returned their looks in kind. As Estochee came into the camp, he noted the cold looks and half-suppressed threatening in the gaze of the Onondagas.

"See you, Anada," he said. "Why do your warriors look at me as an Oneida looks at a Huron, before the peace-pipe is smoked; are they angry with me?"

"Come to me, Narcissa," cried Anada, turning to Eldorah's agent. "Why are the young braves angry?"

"They are angry because they have good reason," replied the girl, whom report had pointed out as likely to become the wife of Anada.

"Why are they angry at my brothers, the Oneidas?"

"They say that we have men among the Onondagas, who have done much to win the love of Eldorah, and they are angry that the Pride of the Onondagas should go to the mud banks of the little Oneida lake."

"Let the maiden speak better of Oneida," said Estochee, angrily. "It is a good land, and the most beautiful upon which the sun ever shone. Eldorah should be proud that a great Oneida chief should choose a wife out of the salt plains of the Onondaga."

It was now Anada's turn to be angry, and he looked at the chief with a threatening glance. He did not like the manner in which the Oneida spoke of his own land.

"Oneida is good; Onondaga is better," he said, shortly. "If Estochee does not like the salt plains of the Onondaga, it is not good that he should choose a wife here. It is well; I can find a fit mate for Eldorah, among those who love the land she lives in."

Estochee saw that he had over-reached himself, and Narcissa clapped her hands gayly. As the chieftains advanced

into the camp the murmurs grew louder, and Estochee knew that he must humble himself to gain his end.

"The fire-water is in my brain yet, and I do not know what I am saying. I eat the words I have spoken, while the fire was in my brain."

"Is Onondaga a better land than the Oneida country?"

"The Oneidas have only a little lake," replied the chief, humbly. "It is a good land for them, and they love it, but they do not guard the sacred fire."

"Estochee is again my brother," said Anada. "I will prove it to him."

He approached a group of young warriors, who were casting insulting glances and bitter words at a small party of Oneidas, who were astounded at the sudden change in the hitherto cordial manner of the Onondagas.

"What is this?" said Anada, angrily, with his hand upon a hatchet. "Are these Onondagas, who speak in this way to brave Oneidas, with whom they have smoked a pipe? Are the Onondagas cowards to do this thing so soon after a feast?"

"Eldorah belongs to the Onondagas," replied one of the young men, boldly. "Why do you give her to an Oneida, since she prefers one among the Onondagas?"

"Eldorah is cunning," said the chief. "She has thrown dust in your eyes, but I will show you how to make her as a little child. You say that she has chosen one among the Onondagas?"

"Yes," replied the young brave. "She loves the Onondagas best."

"Light a great fire here, in the center of the camp," cried Anada, "and let all the warriors come. I will show them that a chief can think for his people."

The Onondagas were quickly drawn up in a half circle before the fire, which shone full upon their dark faces. It was the pick and flower of the Onondaga nation, as all there knew. Eldorah, little guessing what all this meant, stood watching the preparations from the door of her own lodge. When the Onondagas were drawn upon one side, and the Oneidas on the other, Anada emerged from the circle, took Eldorah by the hand, and led her into the ring.

"Warriors and chieftains of the Onondagas!" he cried.

"You have said that it offends you, because Eldorah is to be given to one who is not of the Onondaga blood. Remember that the Six Nations are of one blood and one people, and to give her to Estochee is not to send her away from her race. But, Anada would do the will of his tribemen, for he loves them well. He would be kind to Eldorah, who is his dear sister. It is good—Eldorah seeks an Onondaga husband; *let her choose one here—and now!*"

Eldorah, caught in her own trap, did not know which way to turn. It had been her intention to gain time, by arousing the clannish propensities of the warriors.

"Among all the Onondagas," said Anada, with pitiless composure, "there are none who are better or braver than these whom you see before you. Look at them well, and take your choice. I will give you to the man you choose, if he were my worst enemy."

"What do I hear?" cried Estochee, advancing a step. "Would Anada make me a dog, and himself a liar?"

Weapons were grasped, and the two parties glared at each other with furious eyes, but Anada lifted his hand, and every weapon dropped.

"Choose!" he said, sternly. "Which among all these warriors do you claim for a husband?"

"A maiden can not choose a husband," replied Eldorah. "The husband must seek her."

"It is well said: Eldorah is modest, and her husband will love her the better. All you young Onondagas, who has not a wife, and would be glad to take Eldorah into his lodge, advance one step."

Every man in the rank, not married already, stepped to the front. It was no common honor which was offered, and all were eager to be preferred before the others. A grim smile passed over the face of the chief, as he went down the line, still holding Eldorah's hand, and pointing to each warrior in succession, asked her if she would be his wife. But Eldorah refused them all, and discontented murmurs could be heard in the ranks of the rejected suitors. Estochee saw the object of the Onondaga, and there was a smile upon his face.

"Choose for her, oh chief," said one of the candidates.

"It is well; Eldorah, you are too modest to make a choice, and I give you to Manetoo, who is a brave young warrior."

"No," replied Eldorah. "I will not go into the lodge of any man, who has not won my heart."

"You see, Onondagas," cried Anada. "It was not that she loved *you* so well, but she did not wish to obey her brother. I have made choice of a brave chief, who loves her well. Shall she not be the wife of Estochee, since she will have none of you?"

A shout of assent arose, and all saw that the craft of the chief had triumphed. Eldorah, with drooping head, returned to the lodge, and a few words made peace between the Oneidas and Onondagas. They fraternized again, and the sounds of rude music again broke upon the air, when a distant whoop announced the coming of another party. Ten minutes later, a dozen braves came in, leading a prisoner, a young white man, dressed in hunting green.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MYSTIC ARROW.

THE new comers were Onondagas, who had been searching along the shore of the lake for the bodies of Long Gun and Garanoque; for Anada did not wish to return, until he had at least found the body of the giant, that he might show his people that the race of the Stone Man was ended. The prisoner was a man about thirty years of age, with a handsome face and stalwart form, who returned the fierce glances of the Indians boldly. There was something strangely familiar in the manner of the prisoner, at whom Anada looked closely.

"Who is this you have, warriors?" he demanded turning to the leader of the party.

"We can not tell," was the reply of the warrior. "He is a Yengee, and we bring him to you that he may tell you

what he does, on the hunting grounds of the Onondagas. We found him hiding by the lake."

"Can the white brave speak our tongue?" the chief asked.

"Yes," replied the white man promptly, tossing back his thick curling hair. "Are the Onondagas cowards, that a single man, who is doing no wrong, can not sleep upon their ground!"

"We do not love white men," replied the chief. "See; all the tribes who have loved the white man are gone, and they are as the pestilence to the Indians. This is our land and white men have no place in it. Is not the land you have stolen from the Manhattans, the Pequods, the Narragansetts, and many other tribes, wide enough for you to dwell in? Who are you?"

"I have come in peace," replied the young man, "to see the land of the Onondagas. I will go back to my people, and tell them that the Onondagas do not love white men, and will not have them on their soil."

"White men who come into the land of the Onondagas, do not return again," replied the chief, grimly. "Manitou calls for a sacrifice, and he shall have it before another sun sets. Dog of a white man, I hate you and all your race, and there is nothing for you but the stake and the fire. One of your white warriors, a man we have loved, who was called Long Gun, has killed many of our people, and you shall die for his sins."

A strange smile passed over the face of the prisoner before he spoke.

"I am your prisoner, Onondagas," he replied, proudly. "If you take my life, you will find that I come of a race which has learned how to die well. Bring your fagots and do your worst."

"Not yet," replied Anada. "You must wait our time."

The white prisoner cast a scornful glance about him, and with two Indians hanging on each arm, to prevent his escape, he was dragged toward the center of the camp. In passing the lodge of Eldorah, he saw her standing there, looking at him with compassion in her eyes, and bent his stately head to her in a royal way. He was bound to a tree, close to the door of the lodge, three men set to guard him, and the camp was

still. The three guards, with their bows in their hands, took their places in front of the prisoner, with arrows fitted, ready to let fly upon a moment's notice.

The prisoner, with his back against the tree, fell into a deep soliloquy, which soon found vent in words.

Trapped, my boy ; trapped by a set of red thieves, whom you despise. As far as your chances for life are concerned, I would not invest a penny on them twenty-four hours hence. You have driven your pigs to a poor market, Major Alfred Livingstone. Ah, bah ! What do I care how life ends, since my trade is that of a soldier ? Let me see. Did not that girl in the doorway of the lodge look kindly on me ? Perhaps she may help me ; who can tell ? I have had stranger things than that happen, in the course of a somewhat eventful life.

"My guards take it easy, and yet I think I am quite safe in saying that they would put three arrows through me, with the greatest complacency, if I dared even to whisper a thought of escape. I don't like it, for I would make a very useless roast ; and yet these fellows may insist upon making an Irish stew of me. But Andrea !"

The face of the young man changed at that word. It was the name of one he had loved tenderly, for whose sake he had periled even life itself, more than once.

"I'm not the man to whine over spilled milk," he muttered, "and yet, I would like to live for her sweet sake. Curse that Long Gun, whoever he may be. He has destroyed my hopes of getting into the Onondaga country in safety."

At this moment, he felt the cords upon his hands slacken, while a pair of small hands clasped his wrists to keep them in position by the sides of the tree, to which he was bound. Then these hands began to chafe his wrists gently, to bring back the impeded circulation. When this was done, he felt the hilt of a knife in his right hand, and knew that he was expected to fight his own way to safety.

"I can do no more, stranger," whispered a voice in his ear. "Fly to the woods, and there you may escape."

"Is it Eldorah ?" whispered the white prisoner in her ear

"Yes ; how do you know me ?"

"Bend your head, for I have something to say to you, which no one else must hear."

His voice sunk so low that the whisper might have been mistaken for the sigh of the passing breeze. Eldorah started, and the slight noise she made attracted the attention of one of the guards, who came nearer to look at the prisoner. But he still stood erect before the tree, and met the gaze of the Indian unflinchingly. The savage came closer, and the fingers of Alfred Livingstone tightened upon the hilt of the knife. It was a trying moment, and although the savage did not know it, his life was in fearful danger. Had he but come a single step nearer, the keen knife would have been buried to the hilt in his red bosom. As it was, he satisfied himself by a cursory glance, and returned to his station, exchanging a few guttural words with his companions, to satisfy them that all was well. A few moments later, Eldorah appeared, coming from the other side of the camp. She had made a swift circuit, and came up to the guards in the most careless manner, as if she had been to the river-side. The girl knew how to be gracious when she chose, and at the first word the lifted weapons of the three guards dropped, and they looked at her, instead of at the prisoner. Alfred Livingstone was the man to improve the opportunity, and, when the guards looked up, as a wild cry burst from the lips of Eldorah, the place lately occupied by the prisoner was vacant.

The scream alarmed the camp, and Eldorah pointed out the course taken by the prisoner in his flight, which, by the way, was not the right one; and the savages scattered through the forest in pursuit.

Two hours passed, and the forest yet echoed to the signal-shout of the warriors, as they beat the bushes in pursuit of their prey. But, pursuit was vain, for Alfred Livingstone knew the ways of the forest well, and had managed to elude them all. Whether he had crossed the river, and plunged into the extensive swamps upon the other side, or had taken to the lake, they could not tell; enough for them that he seemed to have eluded them entirely, and to be far beyond their reach.

The rage of Anada was fearful. In his first burst of pa-

sion, he would have destroyed the three guards, declaring that they must have slept upon their posts, but Eldorah stood up boldly in their defense, and declared that they had kept good watch, for she had been with them when the prisoner had escaped, and that the moment before he was standing erect beneath the tree.

"Eldorah has seen this?" demanded Anada, hissing the words through his closely shut teeth. "Then let her say *who cut* the bonds which were upon his hands."

She looked at him in surprise, and saw that he held in his hand a piece of the green withe, which had bound Alfred to the tree. He showed the end, and all could see that it had not been broken, but cut with a knife.

"When Eldorah went into her lodge not long ago," said the chief, "she had a knife in her girdle; where is it now?"

Eldorah started, and her hand dropped to her girdle, where hung the empty sheath.

"Anada can not be cheated longer," cried the chief. "Eldorah has set the young white man free. Speak! You will not lie to save your life, because you come of my blood. Did the white man escape by your help?"

The girl remained silent, looking intently at her brother. His hatchet was bare, and his eyes gleamed with the fires of deadly hate. Eldorah did not blench, nor did her unwavering eye leave his for a moment.

"If you keep silent, I shall know it is true," said Anada, hissing out the words with savage earnestness. "I ask you once more, and if you keep silent, I will strike. Did you help the young white man to escape?"

Eldorah advanced a single step, so as to be fully within reach of his arm.

"It is but a single pang, my brother, and the sorrows of Eldorah are at an end; strike!"

The hatchet glittered in the air, and hung suspended above the head of Eldorah. The brother was lost in the avenger of his slaughtered brethren, who demanded vengeance at the hands of Anada. Estochee, with a cry of horror, bounded forward to save the girl whom he wished to make his wife, but he was too far away to interpose. The women covered their faces, for there was not one among them who did not

love Eldorah, the pride of their race. They expected to hear the dull thud of the hatchet, but, instead of that, something whistled through the air, and the lifted arm of Anada dropped nerveless to his side, while a loud, commanding voice cried out :

"Eldorah ; come !"

Anada, with his right arm transfixcd by a long arrow plucked at the barbed shaft, and strove in vain to draw out, for it had passed quite through the muscles of the arm. Even in his agony, he noted that Eldorah was forcing her way through the crowd of women, with the evident design of escaping to the woods, in answer to the call she had heard. Estochee saw this too, and bounded after, and just as she reached the outer circle of the camp, she was rudely seized and dragged back.

"Fear not !" cried the same voice. "Estochee will protect you. Go in peace and wait for me."

A score of warriors darted away toward the spot from which the voice came, but their search was fruitless. They could not find the owner of the voice, who had managed to evade them.

"Stop !" cried Estochee, as Anada approached, with his hatchet in his left hand, the long arrow still protruding from his right arm. "Does Anada forget that he has given Eldorah to me ? Does he think that Estochee will stand by, and see him destroy the woman he loves ? Not for all the white men's lives upon the shores of the salt lake !"

Anada returned his hatchet to his belt, and turned away, his heart torn by conflicting emotions. Grasping the wooden shaft of the arrow, he forced it resolutely through the flesh of the arm, until the head protruded entirely. This he broke off, and then he drew out the shaft, and looked at it. Only one man ever launched such an arrow, and this man was dead.

"A spirit pursues us," he said, turning pale. "Garanoque has arisen, and follows us for revenge. Let us return at once to the land of the Onondagas, that the medicine-men may weave charms to send Garanoque back to the land of spirits."

"Why does Anada say this ?" demanded Estochee.

"See, Oneida; is there one among your braves who could bend the bow which launched this shaft?"

He held up the wood of the arrow, a round stick of ash, nearly three feet in length, and fitted to it was the arrow-head, which had a blade of flint two inches wide. It was strange that such an arrow should have passed through the arm of Anada, without touching some large artery; yet so it was.

"Hugh!" cried the warriors, in surprise. "It is the long arrow of Garanoque, the son of the Stone Man."

The Onondagas could not be deceived in this, and Estochee paused in dread. The lip of Eldorah curled with a contemptuous smile, but she did not speak. Something had utterly changed her during this night of strange events—something wonderful, for her face no longer showed the utter despair of the day before.

"The Onondagas and Oneidas do well to fear even the ghost of Garanoque," she said. "If he were alive what would they do then?"

"Fear nothing for Eldorah, chief of the Oneidas," said Anada. "My anger is past, and I no longer care for the escape of the Yengee. Put a guard before her lodge, or you may chance to lose your bride this night. In the morning we will go where no enemy dare follow."

"It is well," said Estochee. "An Oneida knows well how to guard his own."

He led Eldorah to her lodge, put her inside, and called on his side four of his best men.

"Look," he said. "In this lodge is Eldorah, who is to be my wife. If she is there in the morning, you have done your duty well; if she is not there, I will kill you all with my hatchet."

The warriors accepted the duty and the risk. It wanted still some hours to daylight, and they took their places outside the lodge, around which they kept up a ceaseless march, until the day began to show in the east. Escape was simply impossible, even had the girl attempted it; but, for some reason, best known to herself, she made no such attempt, and in the morning they gave her into the hands of Estochee, and were relieved from their trust.

The notes of preparation sounded through the camp at early morning. The canoes were made ready for the voyage up the stream, and after a hasty meal, the entire party embarked, and began the ascent of the noble river. The first "carry" was less than half a mile from the mouth of the stream, a place where the water tumbled down through red sandstone walls, in wild confusion. Landing upon the eastern side, for the banks were more precipitous upon the other, they made the carry, a task of little difficulty where bark canoes were used. In half an hour the little fleet was above the first rapid, and making good progress against the flood. It was a grand sight, fifty canoes upon the river at once, the white paddles flashing in the sun rays, and the gay garments of the women, the feathers of the warriors, and their barbaric ornaments, making a strange picture.

"Last sun Estochee laughed at the land of the Onondagas," said Anada, drawing a deep breath, as their canoes glided on, side by side. "Have the Oneidas such a river as the Oswego?"

"The Oneidas give their river to make the Oswego; the Senecas give theirs. Why should it not be a great stream, when two great rivers give it their waters? All the lakes of the Senecas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras, come into the Seneca; the great lake of the Oneidas sends all its water down the river to this. It is great because our streams make it so."

"Yet it is a great river."

"Estochee loves it well. But see, Onondaga; the white men have looked at this stream, and they know that it is good. They will come to dwell upon it, if you do not watch them well."

"Never!" cried Anada. "This river is for the Onondagas."

"Yet I have heard that in the land of the Onondagas, there are white men whom the Indians love."

The countenance of the chief fell, and it was evident that a sore spot had been touched. Two years before a party of white men had come into the Onondaga country. With the consent of the Indians, they had settled near the place now occupied by the village of Jamesville. This had been done while the chief, Red Fox, the father of Anada, was in power.

Anada had never been pleased with the arrangement, and looked with suspicion upon the Frenchmen. It was to these men whom the Oneida referred.

"Time will show," said the Onondaga chief with a dark smile. "It may be that the white men will not always sleep upon a couch of roses."

The voyage was continued, and at night, after passing numerous rapids, they encamped at Three River Point, the junction of the Oneida, Seneca, and Oswego rivers. It was a beautiful spot where they made their camp; the two great rivers rolling down their brown floods, to fill the deep bed of the greater stream. The Onondagas were now at home, and several of their best runners, anxious to reach the council village, at once set off on a rapid run, bringing the tidings of the return of the party. At early morning, they marched again, skirting the shores of the lake, until they reached a sunny slope, near the spot now occupied by the village of Jamesville. Here they found a strange thing in a wild Indian country, a village of the white race. It was nothing more than thirty or forty scattered cabins, surrounded by waving fields of grain. Every thing about bespoke the economy and thrift of the settlers, as well as their superiority in agriculture. Scattered about the fields, men could be seen at their labor, and in the doorway, women and children appeared in the characteristic dress of the Normandy peasant.

Not far from the place where the Indian band stood, was a cabin more pretentious than the others, being nearly twice as large. As the Indians stood gazing, a woman came out of the cabin door and walked up the hill, carrying in her hand a little basin of salt. As she came nearer, a change came over the face of Anada.

"See!" he said, in the Indian tongue. "Andrea De Vernay, the beautiful white maiden."

She was beautiful; one of the fairest of God's creatures. A girl not yet out of her teens, with a fresh, sunny face, sparkling eyes, and curling golden hair. She wore the short petticoat and overdress of Normandy, and her sunny hair was crowned by one of those coquettish flat caps, so much affected by the Normandy women.

"Andrea is good," said Eldorah. "I love her dearly, and her people are just."

"Speak to her, Eldorah; let me hear her voice, for it is like the music of the birds in the trees," confessed Anada.

The girl had stopped a few paces distant, and greeted the Indian party by waving her small hand. Eldorah ran to her, and the two embraced, for the Indian girl had spent much of her time among the whites, and learned to love them. Estochee, who had been watching Anada, saw in his face that the stately chief loved Andrea De Vernay, the daughter of the exile. For Clement De Vernay, her father, and the founder of this colony, had been banished for a political offense, and hoped in this savage country, to find at once a refuge and a home. And the man who had stood beside a great monarch, his chief supporter, now toiled like any peasant for his daily bread. The two girls spoke together eagerly, and Anada watched them with hungry eyes.

"Estochee can tell why the white men remain in the land of the Onondagas," hissed the Oneida, in the ear of his friend. "He loves this maiden with hair like the sunshine. Is it not so?"

"Anada is not a child, to open his heart because you ask him to do so. March on; they await us at the council village."

"Eldorah must come," said Estochee.

"No," replied the Indian maiden. "This night I must stay with Andrea."

"Estochee is not a fool. Where would Eldorah go, if she were not watched?"

"Eldorah never lies; she will come to-morrow to the council village, if she is alive. To-night I must stay with Andrea."

Estochee would have still refused, but Anada sided with his sister, and pledged his honor that she would return. Before he followed the band, already on the march, he stooped and whispered in the ear of Eldorah.

"Prove the heart of the Ring Dove, Eldorah. Sing in her ear that when the sun rises to-morrow, a great chief comes to ask her to be his wife. Say that the chief is Anada, and her heart will be glad."

He moved on with a stately stride, and soon caught up with the band, and they passed out of sight. The chief actually thought that he did the girl honor, when he asked her to be his wife. The idea that she could refuse the great chief of the Onondagas never entered his brain, and he supposed that she would be delighted. Eldorah knew better and was puzzled what to do, for she feared that a refusal would call down vengeance upon the heads of the settlers.

As the two passed into the fields, engaged in pleasant talk, two men met them. One was Clement De Vernay, an erect, military looking man of noble presence, and the other a man in a close-fitting black frock, whom at a glance would have been known as one of those wonderful men—a Jesuit. They are of a hard, unbending order, but in their day the followers of Loyola have done much good. Fearless of danger, going to their death as to a festival, they penetrated the western wilds, seeking to set up the standard of the Cross in countries where the sacred sign was all unknown. In the old French annals, no names are more frequent, as explorers and martyrs, than the "fathers" of the Jesuit faith. The man who extended his hand over the head of Eldorah, with a royal gesture of blessing, was tall and spare, and his dark face showed signs of suffering. He had indeed been one of the foremost in this great work. Father Ignatius had been, in his day, Ralph De Vernay, Count of Esten, the brother of Clement. He had taken the vows of his order, and from a wild young soldier, became one of the most devoted of his order.

"The world moves yet, my brother," he said. "See how this gentle savage bows her head before the sacred symbol which I bear. I bless thee, my daughter."

The maidens passed on and the brothers continued their conversation.

"I saw one among yonder Indians, as they passed, who hath a stubborn heart, and may incite Anada to deeds of evil. I knew him when I dwelt among the Oneidas, and his name is Estochée," remarked the Jesuit. "Much do I fear that evil days are coming to us."

"Yet the Indians are friendly," said Clement De Vernay.

"You may rather say that they *seem* so, my good Clement. When you have led the life which I have led for the last ten years, and are witness to their cruelty, falsehood, and evil passions, you will understand what I have suffered."

The two men passed on, and entered the cabin. Eldorah and Andrea went over the hill to a paddock, inclosed by a strong fence of basswood rails, in which were three cows, the property of Clément De Vernay. The fair girl divided the salt between them, and then the girls wandered away into the forest, and sat down beside a sheltered spring. During the two years the colony had been at Onondaga, Andrea had labored to teach the Indian maiden the French language, and she had now so far perfected herself that the two were able to converse with ease.

"So you love this strong chief of the St. Regis, my sweet one?" said Andrea, in a questioning tone.

Eldorah drew a deep breath.

"As you love the young white soldier, who was taken prisoner by our men at Oswego. Ah! When I saw his face, as they led him in, I knew that he was your lover, and I swore to my heart that he should escape."

"What do you mean? Is Alfred Livingstone again in the Onondaga country?" cried Andrea, eagerly.

"I should say so, my darling," cried a mellow voice at her side. "Andrea!"

The French girl started up, and threw herself, with a delighted cry, into the open arms of the young officer, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians near Oswego—Alfred Livingstone. Eldorah had seized her bow, but broke into a merry laugh as she saw who the intruder was. Forgetting all else, the lovers were clasped in each other's arms, when Eldorah felt a large hand close gently on her own. She looked up quickly, and saw—Garanoque!

It was so sudden that she too forgot all else, and flung herself into his arms. He was not dead, then; her chief, her hero, was alive! The next moment came the thought that she had been rejected, and she drew away from him with a haughty gesture, and stepped back a pace.

"Is Eldorah sorry that Garanoque lives?" he said, sadly.

"Eldorah can not lie. She is glad; oh, so glad that Gar

Garanoque escaped the angry waves. Her heart is lighter than it has been, since, upon the shore of the great lake, Garanoque refused her hand."

"Could Garanoque take it, burdened down with treachery to his tribe? No, no, my dear one; Garanoque will have you for the love he bears you, and take you to his own tribe."

"I will not go."

"Listen; will you be the wife of Estochee, and go to the Oneida land?"

"The girl shuddered, and turned away her head. For the moment she had forgotten that she had been promised to the Oneida, and now she thought that it would be better to go with Garanoque than with him.

"I have given my word that I will go to the council village."

"Good; Eldorah must keep her word, as becomes a true woman," said the chief, "but she will return, and fly with her chief to the land of the St. Regis. We will be very happy there, and our children will rule the brave tribe when we are under the sod."

Alfred Livingstone had not much trouble in pleading his love to the daughter of De Verany. That love he had won long ago, before her father had left Montreal for the wilder regions of Onondaga. The hours flew so swiftly, that the sun had reached the meridian before they parted, and then it was only the danger to their lovers which prompted the girls to part. With many adieus and promises, they separated, the men plunging deeper into the forest, and the girls returning quickly to the house. Andrea told her father of her meeting with the young American major, but on the subject of Garanoque she was silent. She felt that this was Eldorah's secret, and she would not reveal it.

"Alfred has a noble heart," said Clement De Vernay. "I have not enough cause to love the present Government of France, to care that he comes of English blood."

"The Livingstones are not English," replied Andrea, "and we are not highly placed enough to be particular, in these latter days."

"Why did not Alfred come to the house? He should have known that I would receive him gladly."

"He fears that he might be seen by the Indians. It seems that the trader whom we know, Joel Andrews, called by the Indians Long Gun, in company with the celebrated Stone Chief, Garanoque, has killed a number of the Onondagas, between the Oswego and the islands. This so incensed the Onondagas, that when Alfred fell into their hands, they determined to sacrifice him to the manes of their slaughtered friends; but, that dear girl Eldorah cut his bonds, and he escaped unhurt."

"Ah; I am sorry for this, as it may cause us trouble. Then Alfred is not coming to the house?"

"Yes; he will come to-night, after dark, when he may safely do so. He dare not risk it before, both for your safety and his own."

"The boy is right," admitted Clement De Vernay. He shows his good sense in not compromising us, as he would have done had he come in open day."

"When was he other than careful for you and for others, father?"

"You love him dearly, I see. Ah, well; time was when the De Vernays would have scorned to ally themselves to the house of a simple commoner, but the day of our pride is done. Say no more; when Alfred comes he shall be made welcome. Speaking of this Stone Chief, I must tell you that I have seen him, and I regard him as the most perfect specimen of manly beauty I ever saw. A grand man, Andrea."

"He is, indeed," she said, forgetting that she had said nothing of meeting Garanoque.

"How know you that, my child?" said Clement. "You learned long ago that it is not good to keep anything from your father."

"No secret of my own, dear father," she replied. "Now that you speak of it, I must tell you that Alfred is not alone. The Stone Chief is with him."

"But where is Joel Andrews? I should be well pleased to see the quaint fellow again."

"He will hardly dare to venture into the Onondaga country after what he has done, for the Onondagas would surely destroy him!"

The girl left him, and was not seen until the midday meal

was smoking on the board. Eldorah joined them at the table, and the sparkle of her dark eyes, and the smile on her face showed that she was happy. Estochee would hardly have rested so well in the village that night, if he had known that the giant chief lived, and had met Eldorah. He did not dream that it was this bold rival who had encountered him upon the shore of the lake, and had so nearly destroyed him or that *his* strong bow had driven the arrow through the arm of Anada when it was lifted to strike Eldorah dead. He was superstitious enough, in common with the rest of his race, to believe that the *spirit* of Garanoque haunted the shores of the lake; but, had he dreamed that the St. Regis was *alive*, it would have troubled his slumbers somewhat.

The day passed and as night came on, two forms stole through the darkness and approached the cabin of the exiled Frenchman. The door opened softly, and they entered, while the bars dropped behind them, and the Stone Chief and Alfred stood in the presence of the Jesuit, his brother, and the two girls. The hearty welcome which they received showed that his English blood was nothing against Alfred in this house.

"I am delighted to see you, Alfred," said Clement. "I can say no more than that, but you must be very careful, for you have made enemies among the Onondagas. Much do I fear that the days of this colony are nearly ended. Garanoque, you are little changed since the day we clasped hands at Chambly, three years ago."

"My father has not forgotten Garanoque, then? The chief did not know that Free Heart dwelt here, or he would have come sooner. But, why should he leave the St. Regis, to dwell among those who do not love him?"

"Perhaps I may return sooner than you think," replied Clement. "They give no heed to our appeals for aid from the Canadas, and we are not strong enough to remain."

"The day which brings Free Heart back to the St. Regis, will be a happy one. One large lodge is always open, when his hand pulls the string."

We leave the happy party, and go to the council village, which was alive with merriment over the visit of the Oneidas. It was late when Anada retired to his lodge, and even after

he had stretched himself upon the bear-skins, which formed his couch, he could not sleep. The beautiful face of Andrea haunted him, and made his pillow an uneasy one indeed. Estochee sat moodily in the lodge set apart for him, angry, he knew not for what reason, that he had allowed Eldorah to stay in the French settlement. The dew was hardly off the grass, when he was at the lodge of Anada, who invited him to walk to the cabin of De Vernay. The two set off together, and, an hour later they entered the cabin without knocking, after the Indian fashion. There was no one within, except the Jesuit, who looked up with a "benedictio," as they entered.

"Where is our white brother, the father of the Ring Dove?" demanded Anada.

"He is in the fields, at his labor," replied the Jesuit, who understood the Indian tongue in a measure.

"Where is the Ring Dove?"

"You mean Andrea; she will be here soon."

The chieftains coolly sat down on the floor, and waited. Half an hour later, laughing and pelting each other with daises, the two girls came in, and both started as they saw who were their visitors. Eldorah had forgotten to plead her brother's suit, and was angry at the sight of Estochee; and Andrea could not understand the bold look in the eyes of Anada, although she bade him welcome.

"Father," said the chief, turning to the Jesuit. "You speak the language of the Onondagas, and will understand my words. Sing in the ears of the Ring Dove, the words I say to you."

"I will do as you say," said Father Ignatius, with a startled look.

"Say this first; here is a great chief of the Onondagas, the greatest in the land. He has a lodge filled with good things, but he is very lonely there. Among the Onondagas are many fair maidens, who would be happy to make the lodge fire bright. Have you told her these words?"

Father Ignatius repeated them, adding a caution that Andrea would not allow her face to show disgust at the proffers of the chief.

"Say this, also," continued the chief. "There are none

among the Onondagas who are worthy to take the place that is empty. Their beauty no longer shines before that of the Ring Dove. It fades as the stars in the morning, when the sunlight chases them out of the sky. Be happy, Ring Dove; Anada has chosen you for his wife."

"Tell him that I am not of his blood," said Andrea.

"Anada has thought of that. His race is a proud one, and there will be scorn on the faces of the women, when a white girl comes into his lodge. Anada is sorry that the Ring Dove is not of his blood, but that is not her fault; he will take her, all the same."

"The self conceit of this man is beyond endurance," cried Andrea. "Tell him that I will not marry him, come what will."

"Not yet, Andrea. We must temporize, or the breach with the Indians will come sooner than we think. Put him off for a day or two, and in the mean time we will make up our minds what to do."

"Tell him any thing you like, only do not give him any hope."

The Jesuit asked for a few days' time, to decide upon the honor offered them.

"It is good," said Anada. "Let Ring Dove think two suns and two moons. Then I will come again."

He turned to leave the house, when his eye fell upon two forms on the edge of the woods, nearly half a mile distant. He recognized instantly the towering crest of Garanoque, with Alfred Livingstone by his side, and uttered a loud cry of rage as he rushed out.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EXODUS.

It needed but a single glance to convince the chief that he had been deceived, and that Garanoque yet lived. A look at the troubled face of Eldorah revealed something else; she *knew* this before, and was only concerned because he had discovered it. The acute warrior knew well, that alone, or even with the aid of Estochee, he was no match for Garanoque; still less so while he had a backer so powerful as Alfred Livingstone, and he made no forward movement. As he gazed, he saw the St. Regis drop suddenly into the bushes, followed by Livingstone. There was no chance for concealment now, and whatever the Onondagas did must be done quickly. As Anada looked this way and that, an Indian boy crossed the hill at the back of the house, running toward the village. This boy was one of the most rapid runners in the village, and Anada at once called to him, and ordered him to hasten to the council village, and arouse the warriors.

The boy set out immediately, and reached the crest of a hill, a few hundred yards in front. As he paused there for a moment, they saw a man start up from the bushes, a few hundred yards to the right, holding a rifle in his hands. He shouted to the boy, in a voice of thunder, commanding him to stop.

The boy hesitated for a moment, for there was something in the voice of Alfred Livingstone which awed him, in spite of himself.

"Stop, boy!" cried Alfred, raising his rifle. "Come to me, or I will kill you."

The young major knew well, that in such a country as this about the shores of Onondaga lake, there was little chance for escape, if the Indians took the trail at once. The boy must be stopped, at all hazards, even though he should be killed. Only for a moment the lad hesitated, but the voice of Anada rung in his ears, commanding him to advance at

once. He darted forward, like an arrow shot from the bow of Garanoque, running in a zigzag manner, the better to elude the aim of Major Livingstone. Twice Alfred raised his rifle, but he was loth to fire at a boy.

"I give you one more chance, my boy," he shouted. "Come back, or I fire."

The boy only answered by a shout of defiance. He was now nearly two hundred yards away, a distance far beyond the range of the ordinary weapon of the day, and supposed himself perfectly safe. But, he reckoned without his host, for the rifle cracked, and the boy came heavily to the earth, his left leg broken by the ball.

"He would have it," muttered Alfred, as he began to reload his rifle. "I was sorry to aim at a lad, but we can not afford to give these red dogs too much chance at us."

"The spawn of the serpent will grow," said Garanoque, who had joined him at the moment the shot was fired. "He was warned, and would not take the warning."

"I did not kill him, you know," said Alfred, as he wrapped a bullet in greasy buck-skin, and rammed it home. "I have only broken his leg, and spoiled his running for some time to come. What do you say if we make a rush, and overpower Anada and Estochee now? We ought to be game to put them under, I think."

"Stop," said Garanoque. "Estochee is mine; he has dared to love Eldorah, the maid I have chosen for my wife, and only Garanoque has the right to kill him."

"I don't object to that, chief," said the young man, quietly. "I've got a little spite against Anada myself, and don't mind if I tackle him; come on."

The two darted rapidly toward the cabin, Alfred carrying his long rifle at the trail, and Garanoque bearing his heavy bow, with an arrow already fitted to the string. At the same time, the white settlers, who had heard the report of the rifle, were seen hurrying in from all directions, to ascertain the cause of the trouble. Estochee grasped his hatchet, but Anada did not lift a hand in his defense. He only stood with his long arms folded across his breast, steadily regarding the advancing pair.

"Who are these?" he demanded, turning to the Jesuit

"Does my black father keep such men at hand, to kill Onondaga boys?"

"I am coming, Estochee," cried Garanoque, shaking his glittering hatchet. "Behold, I am here, and dare you to the fight."

But Anada laid a restraining hand upon the arm of the Oneida, who had started forward.

"No, my brother," he said, proudly. "We came here with open hearts, and not to fight. If we are murdered here, our friends will know how to avenge us."

"There shall be no bloodshed," cried the Jesuit, flinging himself between the coming men and their adversaries. "Alfred, I command you, as you love my niece, not to lift a weapon against these men."

"It is for my own safety that I do it," replied Alfred. "Anada knows that he sought my life, when I came to him in friendship. He would have burned me at the stake, but that I managed to make my escape."

"Let us say that this is true; you shall not kill him. You have done wrong enough in shooting down yonder boy."

"But, Father Ignatius! the boy was hastening to bring three hundred braves upon us, because Anada and Estochee dared not attack us like brave men. Do not stand before him, father; he shall fight me, or I will know the reason."

At this moment Clement De Vernay came up, and at once interfered.

"My brother is right, Alfred," he said. "I command you, on peril of losing Andrea forever, to lower your weapon."

Alfred at once dropped the butt of his rifle upon the sod, with a loud and angry thump.

"Have your will, monsieur," he said. "But I warn you that by saving these two lives, you have brought trouble upon yourselves, for you must not think that they will not destroy this settlement, as soon as they can collect men."

"Stop," said Anada. "Black father, I speak to you, because you understand the words of Anada. Prove to me that you love the Onondagas, for I have often heard you say so."

"I do love them."

"But prove it, my father."

"How can I do that?"

"You know that these men are enemies of the great tribe, and have stolen into the land like thieves in the night. They have come to steal Eldorah and the Ring Dove, and carry them to distant lands. Give these men to me, and let them be judged by our laws!"

"You dirty hound!" muttered Alfred, grasping his rifle firmly. "It will take some of you to put us on our backs, let me tell you."

"I do not speak to this Yengee dog, but to my black father," said Anada, proudly. "You have heard me say that I loved the Ring Dove, and would take her into my lodge. Good; give her to me, and let the law judge Garanoque and his Yengee friend, and Anada is your brother; deny me, and Anada is your enemy."

"You red scoundrel!" hissed Alfred, nearly beside himself with rage. "You see how modest he is, monsieur; and you certainly ought to reward him."

"And if we do make an enemy of Anada," said Father Ignatius, "what will he do?"

"He will bring the torch for the wigwam, and the knife for the scalp!" was the fierce reply. "Let my father speak, but beware lest he give his dear ones to the torture."

"There is but one answer to this," said De Vernay, turning to his friends, who gathered about him. "There is not one among you so base of heart, that you will give up a white man to the torture, and a daughter of the house of De Vernay to the arms of a filthy savage. What say you? shall we not defy them, and then fight our way out?"

"I can speak for myself, monsieur," said one of the stoutest of the Norman retainers, who had followed the exile from France. "I am tired of this life, and think we can do better in Canada. As for giving up ma'm'selle to him, we would all die by inches first; and I speak for the rest."

"Good; we are then nearly forty men, all well armed, and desperate of fortune. Thanks to the saints, we have not many women to encumber us, and few household goods which we would grieve to lose. Antoine, seize upon Anada and bind his arms; some of the rest do the same kindness by Estocbee.

The chieftains were seized so suddenly that they had no time to resist, if they had chosen to do so.

"This is my answer to your villainous demands," said De Vernay. "We will not give up our friends to you; and we will leave your inhospitable country, never to return."

Anada gnawed his lip until the blood started, but did not speak. He realized fully that his suit was rejected, and that his enemies had triumphed. He supposed, as a matter of course, that he was to be killed; for, as he showed mercy to none, he did not expect it from others.

Anada has only one thing to ask, before he sings his song of death," he said. "I have lived a brave life, and have tried to deal justly by my tribe, the tribe which I love so well. I would die a warrior's death, and by the hand of a warrior. Let Garanoque take his hatchet, and slay the son of the Red Fox, who drove his father from the land of his birth."

"It can not be done," said Clement. "Do not think that we murder brave men, because they happen to be our enemies, and in our power. No; we will bind you hand and foot, and leave you here."

Estochee gnashed his teeth, as, together with Anada, he was thrust into one of the cabins, fast bound and helpless. He could hear the sound of preparation outside, and an hour later, the two chieftains were brought to the door, where they saw the settlers drawn up in marching order. Each carried a musket or rifle on his shoulder, with the usual fixtures, together with a small sack of corn meal, and another of salt; enough to last them several days.

"Some things must be left behind us, Anada," said De Vernay, "and I give them to you, hoping that you will make good use of them."

Anada gave him a wicked look, but did not speak; he hid his time.

"Garanoque bids you good-by, Anada," said the St. Regis. "I have found what I sought in your land, for Eldorah goes with me."

A hiss like that of a wounded snake passed from the lips of Anada, as he saw his sister, equipped for a long march, by the side of Garanoque. For the first time he spoke.

"You are dead," he said. "I had a sister, but she died young. The girl who follows the St. Regis Garanoque is not my sister Eldorah, but an enemy whom I will kill. Go, bad woman; go, girl of the wicked heart. The Onondagas know your name no more, and they will wipe away the records which speak of the Stone Man and his deeds. Away, for I hate your face, lover of the St. Regis. Go; it is good that my hands are bound, or I would kill you now."

Estochee only sat upon the earth, and gnawed his lip fiercely, while his eyes never left the face of Garanoque.

"I don't know how it is, monsieur," said Alfred Livingstone, "but I doubt the policy of leaving these men here. If you can not bring yourself to destroy them, why not take them with us?"

"We wish to march rapidly, and seize the canoes at Three Rivers. They would only encumber us."

"I would find a way to make them step out," said Alfred, with an angry look at Anada, whom he hated for his impudent offer to Andrea. "But, let us waste no more time here."

The chieftains were thrust into the cabin, and the door closed. The company fell into marching order, and filed away over the hills toward the lake, taking one of the paths least traveled by the Indians. They knew their danger, and had no hope of entirely eluding the Onondagas. Their one idea was to get to Oswego as soon as possible, and there defend themselves as best they might, while they prepared to cross the lake, which they did not dare attempt in the light canoes of the Indians.

Besides Andrea, there were eight women in the party, but most of these were peasants of Normandy, who were inured to a hard life, and made nothing of the journey; and Andrea would have been the last one to yield to fatigue. They marched on beside the lake for two hours, and reached an eminence, not far from the outlet, from which a fair view of the lake was to be obtained. Fixing his eagle eye upon the land beyond the lake, Garanoque detected a moving black spot and turned to Major Livingstone, who drew a pocket glass from beneath his hunting-shirt, adjusted the focus, and turned it upon the moving spot.

"An Indian," he said, "coming from the direction of the settlement, and heading for Three River Point. Garanoque, he must not get there."

The St. Regis shook his head. If, as they suspected, this runner had been sent by Anada to destroy or remove the canoes from Three River Point, there was little hope for them.

"I say that he must not get there. Can you guide the party toward the Point?"

"Hugh!"

"Then I leave them in your charge. Keep my rifle, Father Ignatius; I shall not need it."

"Alfred," said Andrea, in a tone of entreaty. "Why do you leave us?"

"I must go, my darling. If that Indian reaches the river ahead of us, our hopes are blasted, and we shall be overtaken before we get to the falls on the Oswego. God take care of you, my sweet one, while I am gone."

He looked to the priming of his pistols, saw that everything else was in order, snatched a kiss from the ripe lips of Andrea, and plunged into the woods. Garanoque looked after him, with a rare smile upon his noble face.

"He is a good man, and I love him," he said, "as I never thought to love one of the white race. March on; Garanoque will lead."

The party moved on, guided by the St. Regis, leaving Major Livingstone to thread his way through the tangled undergrowth at the foot of the lake, upon his dangerous mission. He was heading for a particular point upon the other side of the lake, and after a forced march of five or six miles, which he accomplished in a very short time, over such ground, he came out upon a beaten path, which, leaving the lake shore at this point, headed toward the river below what is now Baldwinsville.

"I thought I could strike it," muttered the woodman. "Now comes the question; will the runner take this trail? He ought to, for there is no shorter path, that I know."

He found a place where a thick bunch of bushes grew up close to the path. Behind this he seated himself, with a pistol in each hand, and waited for whatever fortune might

come to him. His pistols were cocked, and he looked to see that the powder was well up in the pan of each.

Ha! Pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat! The sound of feet, hurrying along the forest path. He started to his knees, with his weapons ready, but to his surprise, instead of one runner, *three* Onondaga warriors, armed to the teeth, rounded the turn in the path. But he had come to fight, and as they came on, he shot the foremost through the head, broke the shoulder of the other, and sprung upon the third, a wiry and resolute warrior, knife in hand. A struggle for life or death commenced, in the shade of the silent woods!

CHAPTER X.

RAFTING ON THE OSWEGO.

THE party marched on swiftly, for they knew that the two chieftains would not long remain prisoners in the cabin. They had not been gagged, and would manage in some way to communicate with the tribe, before many hours had passed; and that Anada would hasten to avenge the insult offered to his tribe, and the personal injury in stealing away his sister, could not for a moment be doubted. Estochee would join his forces with those of the Onondagas for such a purpose as this, and would fight to the bitter end, for the chance of regaining Eldorah. The path which they traversed could only be trod in Indian file, for the branches on each side hung low, and there was just room for a single pedestrian to pass. On they went, trailing through the woods, with merry faces; for, if the truth must be told, the Frenchmen were glad to be on their way to their idolized Canada. They had never taken very kindly to the settlement in the land of the Onondagas, and were only too glad to leave behind them the fruit of their toil. Only Father Ignatius was sad, for he had hoped to do good among the Iroquois, and make them Christians. That hope was gone, and he must seek other fields for his labors.

His was the only moody face in the party, and even the girls seemed to enjoy the march. Two hours passed; Alfred had not yet joined them, and Andrea began to be troubled. At last she addressed Garanoque in the French tongue.

"Why does not Alfred return, chief?"

"He will come soon; listen."

A long, sharp whistle came up from the rear, piercing through the depths of the forest, and a satisfied smile passed over the face of Garanoque.

"The young white warrior is here," he announced. Five minutes later, Alfred came up on a run, yet scarcely showing fatigue. There was a fine, fresh color in his face, as if he enjoyed the exercise through which he had gone.

"Has my brother struck the Iroquois?" demanded Garanoque in a low voice, as Alfred took his station just behind him.

"Yes," replied the major, in the abrupt tone which suits the Indian best.

"One?"

Alfred shook his head, and held up three fingers, and a gleam of wild joy showed itself on the face of the St. Regis.

"Said I not, Great Spirit," he cried, raising his strong arm in the air, "that this man was worthy to be the friend of Garanoque? You have the scalps, my brother?"

"I never take scalps."

"That is bad," said the chief. "A scalp is a good thing to have."

He showed the same surprise which the young major would have evinced, if, in some great battle, his men had refused to take the standards of the enemy. For a moment he was moody, and then his face cleared up.

"Garanoque will not be angry. Each man fights by the light, which is given him, and the white men do not care for scalps. The runners will not go to the river and break the canoes; and that is a good thing."

They struck the Seneca not far from the site of the village of Baldwinsville. From this it was but a short march to Three Rivers, and the sun was yet high in the heavens, as they passed along the banks of the Seneca, to its junction

with the Oneida. Garanoque and Alfred, who were anxious about the canoes, ran ahead, and reached the place where the Indians had hid their canoes, upon the last expedition from Oswego. In frantic haste they searched about, but the leaves and branches which had covered the canoes were scattered in confusion, and the canoes were gone. For a moment these two brave men looked in each other's faces in mute dismay, and then Garanoque spoke."

"My brother," he said, you have fought in vain, for the runners have been here before you."

"They could not; the men I killed were the first who started."

"Look!" cried Garanoque, pointing toward the Onondaga hill. "See you that?"

On a distant hill, two columns of black smoke were seen rolling up into the air, and Alfred understood that it was a signal. For some reason unknown, Anada had left men to guard the canoes; and, fearing that his runners might not reach the river in safety, he had fired the signal, which warned the guards to remove the canoes.

This unlooked-for calamity took Alfred and his red friend by surprise, but it could not daunt them.

"Anada thinks he has done for us, this time," said the major, cool and confident as ever. "Wait; I will show him a trick which he has not thought about. Thank Providence, the invention of a white man does not fail him, because we have lost the canoes. Axes to the front! Here boys; cut down eight or ten of these young basswood trees; we must have a raft, and at once."

Clement De Vernay understood the situation at a glance, and spoke to his followers. They worked like bees, and in an incredibly short space of time a number of light wood logs were cut, shaped, and bound together with grapevines, for they had no nails or ropes. Upon each side of this impromptu raft, they set up small logs, which made a barricade, two feet high. When the entire party had taken their places on this raft, it supported them well; and, with cheerful shouts, they pushed out from the bank, and were hurried out into the angry water at the junction of the rivers. Wild yells of rage coming from the woods on the point, showed

that the Indians had been observing their movements; without a doubt those who had concealed the canoes.

"I am a quiet sort of fellow," said the major, as he grasped his rifle, "but, as I live by bread, I would give a small amount to know where those thieves are hidden. Ha; I see a head."

He was standing near the stern of the raft, and as he spoke, the rifle came swiftly to a level, pointed at a bush near the point. The crack sounded, and they saw a savage start up in the thicket, with his hands at his head, and then fall with a sounding crash. By this time the current had seized the raft, and half a dozen arrows, which came sailing through the air, failed to inflict any damage whatever. One, indeed, struck Alfred on the shoulder, but dropped back harmless, as its force was spent.

Now, for the first time, Major Livingstone realized that it was well for all that many of the party were experienced raftsmen, who had learned their work upon the rapid rivers of Canada. One man stood in the stern, holding a great pole, which he used as a steering oar; two others, in the bow, guarded against any obstruction in the current, and cried out at the approach of danger. Only one thing troubled Alfred; how were they to pass the rifts and falls, without destruction—or, to say the least, without danger to the raft?

"Allow me to speak, Monsieur le Major," said Antoine. "You are troubled about the rifts which are below us?"

"Certainly."

"How far below is the first one?"

"We shall soon be upon it."

"How deep is the water?"

"About ten inches."

"Then we must lighten the raft. Put for the shore, Gustave; be quick there."

The men at the bow used the poles they held, and the raft went down the current in such a way as to touch the shore half a mile below.

"The party must land here," said Antoine. "Trust to Gustave, Arnaud, and myself, to carry the raft over this rift. Take the people at least a mile below, for when we go down the rifts, we shall go with a rush."

The raft, when lightened by the removal of so many persons, barely drew five inches in the water. Antoine again took his post in the stern, while Gustave and Arnaud pushed off the bow, and they were hurried out into the current at increasing speed. The party on the bank ran along the riverside, watching them with intense interest, as they were hurried on. But Antoine knew his business, and there was a smile upon his face, as they went flying down the current. Its rapidity increased at each moment, and when the pedestrians reached the crest of the slope, they saw it flashing down into a wild yeast of water, out of which great black rocks protruded. The Phoenix rifts are not as high as the falls at Fulton, or even the rifts above Oswego, but they were dangerous now to such a craft as this, from the extreme shallowness of the water upon them, and their great length. If the raft should be upset and broken up, it would cause a tedious delay, and Alfred knew that it could not be many hours before their enemies would be upon the river. The raft caught in mid-current and the water poured over it in a blinding shower, but Gustave and Arnaud boomed her off, and in a moment more she was floating safely through the swift current at the foot of the rapids. They pushed for the shore and the party again embarked.

Hurried on by the current, the raft was borne on its way down the swift and broad stream, and soon the "falls" were before them; the falls through which "Pathfinder" passed, with Jasper at the paddle, and the unwilling passenger, Charles Cap, in the bottom of the canoe. They performed the feat gallantly and well, but a harder task was before Antoine Lefebvre. It was to carry the *raft* down the rough road, over which a *canoe* had some chance of safety.

Antoine did not flinch; on the contrary, his hard face lighted up with delight, at the prospect of new dangers, of the kind he loved. Gustave and Arnaud, his younger brothers, were made of the same clay, and entered at once into his spirit. It was necessary to land the party some distance above the falls, to give the men time to hurry down, and station themselves below, so as to be at hand to render assistance to the *voyageurs*, should it be necessary. The raft remained at the bank, until a signal whistle announced that

some of the men had reached the desired point, and were waiting to receive them.

"Now for it, my brothers," cried Antoine, who had rejected the offer of Alfred to join them on the raft. "Down we go."

"But I am an old canoeman," persisted the major; "and I know the rifts."

"I ~~am~~ an old *raftsman*, Monsieur le Major; and that is better. I have no doubt you would go down yonder falls in a canoe; and I am going down on a raft."

As he spoke he pushed out into the stream, and Alfred ran up the bluff to watch them. No wonder he shuddered at the sight which he saw before him. The "Oswego Falls" although not the Falls of Niagara, were high enough to make the best canoeman think twice before attempting them; but, as we have said, there was a channel, for those who knew how to find it, wide enough to admit the passage of a canoe, which could be turned aside, even in a wild current, by the touch of a paddle. But a raft, eight feet wide, and nearly thirty feet long, was another matter. For a mile above the falls the river ran furiously, and eddies set in to the shore, in a dozen places, which it required all the skill and address of the Canadians to avoid. Before them lay the falls, the white spray rising as the water went plunging down, in wreaths white as snow. It was beautiful, but the lookers on had no eyes for such scenery as this, or any other. Their eyes were fixed upon the fated raft, rushing down through the boiling water at their feet. A canoe would have gone through the *passage*, which slanted down near the center of the fall, but the raft would have been fixed there immovably if they had tried it. No; they headed for the highest part of the fall, uttering shrill cries of delight as they neared the verge.

Now for it! There is not a moment to lose, and a mistake will be fatal to the hopes of the party.

"Come to the stern!" cried Antoine. "Bandits that you are, come!"

The younger men rushed quickly to the stern, at the call. It had the desired effect, their united weight raising the bow two inches higher, as it rushed over the verge of the fall.

The next moment, when half the raft had passed over, it slanted downward, and the raft remained exactly balanced on the crest of the fall, exposed to a force which threatened to tear it into a dozen pieces. If this happened, all their labors would be vain, to say nothing of their own danger. Antoine raised his head, and saw that the vines which connected the parts of the raft were being severely tried by the mighty power of the current.

"To the bow!" he cried. "We do this for the house of De Veruay."

His brothers responded to the call, and creeping down the slippery logs, they reached the bow, clinging there to the vines which bound the parts of the raft together. Their weight carried the bow down, until it nearly touched the water; and as the stern was lifted, the strong current caught it, and sent the end of the raft, to which the men clung, deep down into the pool, which the falling water had worked out below the falls. The upper end hung for a moment on the verge, and the heads of the voyageurs did not appear. Their friends, with cries of dismay, rushed down to give them aid, when the upper end of the raft was forced from its hold, and dropped into the water with a loud splash. A moment of breathless suspense, of doubt, fear and agony; a shriek from the lips of the wife of Gustave Lefebvre, and then, as the lower end slowly rose from the foam, it revealed the dripping forms of these river Tritons, clinging to the vines. They had done their work, and the raft was over the falls.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STOCKADE.

THERE was an exultant feeling in each heart, as the raft floated about in the eddy, before the bold raftsmen could gain their feet, and regain control of the raft. Finally, the unwieldy mass, at the proper point in the eddy, was hurled out into the current, and hurried down the stream, the dripping

raftsmen laughing aloud in their glee. At the first opportunity, they gained the shore, and the party embarked as before, and were carried on their voyage. They ran the third and second rifts in safety, but, just as darkness set in, were wrecked upon the lower rift, within a mile of the lake, where the raft stuck hard and fast upon the shoal. Fortunately, the greater portion of the party had landed with the rifles and ammunition, so that there was no loss of useful material.

"Good-by to the raft, then," said Alfred. "We can build another much more quickly than we can get this one afloat; follow me, all of you."

Although it was quite dark, he led them with unerring certainty, and half an hour later, they stood upon the shore of the great lake, listening to its sleepy murmur. The men gathered leaves and moss, and quickly spread a couch of marvelous softness for the women. But Alfred did not allow the men to rest.

"See here, boys," he cried. "We can go no further at present, and that being the case, we must have some kind of defense against the Indians. A stockade is the thing, and we must build it at once."

"But will not the Indians be here before morning?" said Clement De Vernay.

"We will work as did the children of Israel, who wrought with one hand upon the wall, and the other on the sword hilt. Thus far we have been preserved in a wonderful manner, and I have faith to believe that the same power which has shielded us, can guard us to the very end."

"Good faith, young soldier," said Father Ignatius, "you should have been one of the Order of Jesuits. Your faith is strong in the same God we worship."

"The arm of flesh must do something," replied the young major, cheerily. "Where do you suppose I am going to build this stockade?"

"On this headland, where the ground is high," answered the Jesuit, who had once been a member of the "church militant."

"Under ordinary circumstances, and with civilized foemen, I might do so; but in this case, I propose to build the stockade upon yonder peninsula. As you see it is surrounded by

Deep water on three sides, and they can only attack us in canoes, unless they take us in front, and that will be the strongest part of the stockade. What do you say?"

"The plan is a good one. They can not cut us off from water; and as for food—"

"The river will give that, if we are hard pressed. Now to work."

A guard of five men was set, while Garanoque scouted up the river, on the alert to apprise them of the approach of the foe. The rest buckled to the work with a will, by the light of pitchpine torches, thrust into the earth about the spot where they labored. The trees they chose for the work were basswood, about eighteen inches through at the butt, and easily cut. These were firmly imbedded in the sandy bottom of the peninsula, and before midnight, they had built up a very respectable stockade, which could not be easily forced by any thing except cannon, and would form a very fair defense even against that; and, as a defense against the simple means at the command of the Indians, it was almost impregnable. There was but one gate, and this was in the side facing the water, and which could not be reached by land. Within the stockade, loop-holes had been cut for musketry, and before three o'clock everything was prepared. Ten minutes later, as the tired men rested within the inclosure, Garanoque came gliding in, followed by the five guards.

"They are here, white warriors. Two hundred braves, and many canoes are passing the falling water, where our raft is left."

"We shall be ready to meet them, Garanoque," said the young man, quietly. "Will they attack us to-night?"

"The Indians love to do battle by night," replied Garanoque. "See; I have struck the Onondagas."

He held up a scalp as he spoke, which was still wet with blood. Even as he did so, a low, mournful wail, the scalp-cry of the Indian, sounded through the silent night.

"They have found the body of the brave I met," explained Garanoque, proudly. "Ha; the moon shines bright."

The great orb of night rolled slowly up from behind the trees, and surrounding objects could be seen almost as plainly

as if it had been daylight. Garanoque examined the stockade, and uttered a low, satisfied "hugh," as if it pleased him. He knew the advantage of a fortification against the attacks of such a force as this, which came against them. Looking up the broad stream, they saw a cluster of dark spots, moving slowly down toward them. This cluster was nothing less than the many canoes of the Indians, coming to do their work of vengeance. They kept on rapidly until within a few hundred rods of the shore, when they landed, and the canoes were made fast, each light craft being attached by a strong green withe to the first one, which had been made fast to a small tree on the bank. Even this precaution was hardly necessary, for the canoes had been brought into an eddy, where they would have staid for a long time, without floating away. Then, silent and specter-like figures flitted away through the woods, and gained the edge of the cover, near the spot where they had held their feast of welcome, upon the coming of Estochee. They expected to see a camp upon the headland, but to their utter surprise, not a human being was in sight, and on the little peninsula loomed up the stockade, something for which they had not looked. That men should have been able, in one short night, to erect such a defense as this, seemed scarcely possible.

"These white dogs are cunning," growled Anada. "See, Estochee; they have built a fort."

"Good; we will take it, then."

Nothing more was said, but the two chieftains prepared to act. They could not for a moment believe that this position was strong enough to resist a direct attack, and the warriors crept up the rising ground, with their bows ready, and launched a flight of arrows at the stockade, accompanying the discharge by savage yells, which resounded with startling distinctness through the depths of the forest. Loud and high above the din they raised, was heard the answering shout of the Frenchmen, the hearty cheer of Alfred Livingstone, and the war-cry of Garanoque. The fox was not to be caught napping, at any rate. No reply was made to their arrows; ammunition was too precious to be wasted on the empty air. Alfred Livingstone alone took his rifle, and stepped to a loop hole.

"It is better to give them a lesson, monsieur," he said, and the rifle came slowly to his shoulder, for it was a small object at which he aimed, nothing more nor less than the eye of an Indian, peering out from the cover of a large tree. The firm finger pressed the trigger, and the savage had gone to the happy hunting-grounds. The fierce voice of Anada was heard ordering an attack; and, at his word, the Onondagas rose *en masse*, and rushed down upon the stockade. They had reached the neck of the causeway in a thick bunch, when a withering volley was poured in, which strewed the narrow sands with dead and wounded. The Indians hesitated, when the second section of the defenders stepped to the loopholes, and delivered their fire. This was enough, and the Onondagas hastily sought shelter in the cover, leaving the whites, for the time being, masters of the field. The rage of Anada was fearful, for he had hoped for better things, and the Oneidas, who were not in the vanguard, and had taken no part in the assault, laughed at the cowardly retreat of their allies.

"The Oneidas are very brave," sneered Anada; "let them go and take the fort; it is a small thing to do."

"Estochee is willing; he will show the Onondagas how to fight."

His shrill cry rallied all the Oneidas, about eighty in number. At his command, a number of small trees were cut down, and the branches lopped off in such a way that they formed ladders. Each of them was borne by four men, and they advanced rapidly to the spot where the first rush was to be made. Here they paused, and took breath for the coming struggle; when, at the low command of Estochee, the party rushed down the causeway, each party of four carrying a ladder. They were met by a hot fire, before which several men bit the dust, but quite a number succeeded in planting their ladders; and, while one held the stick in position, they mounted rapidly, one after another. But a new mode of defense was used, which took them completely by surprise. Short posts had been set up against the walls of the stockade inside, and upon this, logs flattened upon two sides, formed a convenient footing for the defenders. Mounted upon this, twenty men commenced to rain great stones upon the heads

the assailants, and to cast down the ladders, whenever they were planted, heedless of the showers of arrows which whistled about their ears. These stones were supplied by the owners, including the women, so that the defenders were not obliged to leave the platform to get "ammunition." This attack was kept up with a determination which had not been expected, for the Oneidas were fighting for their honor. Had they not jeered at the Onondagas, and boasted that they could take the stockade without a struggle? Anada, stung by their taunts, had not advanced further than the crest of the bluff, from which his men, keeping up a flight of arrows, rendered efficient aid to the assailing force. The twang of the bowstrings, yells of agony, the crash of falling ladders, and the dull "thud," when a stone crushed in the skull of an Oneida, sounded with fearful distinctness through the silence of the night. Anada had a noble heart, and could not bear to see the Oneidas fail, even after their taunts. Shouting his war-cry, he led the way down the slope, and his warriors followed. A moment more, and the entire force was swarming about the walls of the stockade, while the deadly shower continued, and men fell on every side.

Anada groaned in agony, as he saw his best and bravest going down like grass before the sickle. How it wrung his proud heart, when he saw the mighty form of Garanoque reared above the wall, holding in his hand a club, such as no other hand could wield, with which, at a single blow, he dashed man after man to the earth. Never did the moonbeams shine on so strange a scene as this, beside the peaceful waters about Oswego. Anada fitted an arrow to his bow, and was about to launch it with deadly aim at Garanoque, when a stone struck him on the forehead, and he fell. When his senses came back, he was lying under a tree, and a warrior was dashing water in his face, to bring him back to life. He raised his head, and saw about him a sorrowful group, the sad remains of the gallant force which had attacked the stockade. Of the men of Estochee, scarcely fifty remained; of the Onondagas, thirty had already fallen, and more than half of these remaining had wounds or bruises to show.

"Why do you stand idle here, cowards?" shrieked the fallen chief. "Estochee; you have done what you could, and

I am proud to call you my friend. But, while a man is alive, we will not give up the struggle."

"It is good; Estochee will fight while he has life; but the white men are very strong, and Long Gun is with them."

Anada started to his feet, staggering like a drunken man.

"Long Gun! He is dead!" cried Anada wildly.

"Was Garanoque dead? If he could be saved, why not Long Gun? And the trader is here, for I saw him upon the wall."

For over an hour no movement was made. They could do nothing without Anada, and he had not yet recovered from the blow which he had received. At last he rose from his recumbent position.

"Let twenty bowmen go out, and shoot their arrows high into the air, so that they will fall upon the heads of the enemy. While they do this, we will work."

The suggestion of the chief, the same thought which won the bloody field of Hastings, for the Norman invader, was carried out, and the defenders of the stockade were surprised and annoyed by repeated flights of arrows, which, falling from such a height, were hard to guard against. The women crouched against the wall of the stockade, under the log which had supported the defenders, while they beat off the last attack. But this change was a serious one, and many after man felt his flesh pierced by a falling arrow, when he dared to venture away from the outer wall.

"This is meant to cover some kind of attack," said Alfred. "Load up, all of you, and wait for the word. Garanoque, guard your head!"

He did not speak quick enough, and a barbed arrow was falling upon the bare head of the giant chieftain. But, another had seen the falling shaft sooner than Alfred, and that other was Eldorah. With a sudden rush, she crossed her arms above the exposed head of the chief, and as he started back in astonishment, he saw that her rounded arm was transfixes by a long arrow. She had taken this way to save her lover, who would have been pierced through the brain by the barbed point, but for her activity.

"Noble girl!" cried Alfred, as the chief bore her back to the shelter of the log, and removed the arrow, which had

passed nearly through the fleshy part of the forearm. Not a cry escaped her, as he forced the head of the arrow through the flesh, broke it off, and pulled out the shaft. But, the stout-hearted chief turned pale as death, for he could not bear to see the agony of his beloved, much less inflict pain himself. Andrea bound up the wounded arm, and took off her own scarf, with which to make a sling for its support. Then the chief, with a look of adoration on his face, left her and went back to the defense of the stockade.

Morning was nearly at hand, and the gray light was creeping over the lake. It was the time, of all others, which the Indian loves well for an attack; either at evening, or in the morning. Knowing the nature of his race, Garanoque was certain that the assault could not be far off.

"Let the white warriors listen," cried the voice of Anada, out of the haze. "You have not long to live, if you do not hear me."

"Speak out, and do not waste our time," cried Alfred. "What do you want?"

"I speak not to you, but to the black father. Give us Garanoque, Long Gun, and Eldorah, and you may go free."

"How do you know that Long Gun is here?" cried Alfred.

"My eyes are open; I know now who stole like a thief into the Onondaga village, to buy skins. Will you do as we say?"

"No!" replied Father Ignatius. "Do your work, as you are appointed."

"The fog comes," shouted Anada. "It covers all the earth like a mantle. When the sun drives it away, you will be dead."

And even as he spoke, they saw a gray bank driving down the river, hiding all else from their sight. At the sight of this strange cloud the bold heart of Alfred Livingstone grew sick, for he knew the danger.

CHAPTER XII

THE MIST BATTLE.

THE fog!

Why was it that these brave men silently clasped hands, as if bidding each other adieu on this earth, forever. Why did Andrea throw herself sobbing into the arms of her lover, while he strained her to his heart, in a fervent embrace?

The danger was this: when the fog was thick about them, the Indians could reach the very walls of the stockade before they could be seen, and it was impossible to say from which side the attack would come. Even now the toils might be gathering about them, and they had no power to avert it. Could they have looked into the heart of that dense black cloud, rolling slowly down the stream, they would have seen ten canoes, filled with men, armed to the teeth. They kept within the fog bank, paddling slowly on, without a splash in the water.

"Wait," cried Alfred Livingstone. "We have heard your offer, Anada, and do not quite reject it. If Garanoque and Long Gun come to you, shall the rest go free?"

"Eldorah must come too; and we must have the Ring Dove. Eldorah is to go into the lodge of Estochee; the Ring Dove is mine, and I will have her."

"Give me a pistol, Alfred," said Andrea. "You will see that a woman of the house of De Vernay knows how to guard her honor."

He hesitated, but she came to his side, and took one of the weapons from his belt.

"Kiss me, my own Alfred," she sobbed. "If you fall, I will not be long behind you."

Their lips met in a long, clinging kiss, and Andrea went back to the side of Eldorah, holding the weapon in her hand. Clement De Vernay groaned aloud, but spoke no word. He knew that his daughter would die by her own hand, sooner than fall into the hands of Anada. It was better so, for the

nouse of De Vernay had always kept its honor stainless, both in man and woman. Father Ignatius kneeled upon the sand, and prayed fervently, that the God over all would forgive the sins of this people, and take them to his rest. When he rose, and gave them his benediction, he took a sword in his hand.

"The sword of the Lord and Gideon," he cried. "I will smite the heathen, hip and thigh; for so I am commanded."

The erect attitude of the Jesuit, and the manner in which he handled the long rapier, showed that he meant to keep his word. Father Ignatius, in his day, had been one of the first swordsmen of France, before he dropped the helmet of the cuirassier for the dark robes of his order.

The fog rolled down the river, and swept about them. It was so thick, that no object was visible at five paces distant. At this moment a deafening yell arose in the front, and the hail of arrows again began, dropping one after another into the circle of the fort. The defenders took their places upon the log in silence, a heap of stones piled up near every man, for Alfred knew that no one could be spared to do such work now. Still the attack did not come, but the arrow flight continued, and no one dared approach the outer wall, although safe as long as they remained in the shelter of the logs.

Hark!

There was a slight grating on the sand, near the gate of the stockade, and a fierce cry burst out from the water. They were attacked in the rear, and the door shook under heavy blows! Regardless of the danger, Alfred darted back, and looked over the wall. Ten canoes were clustered about, and fifty or sixty men, up to their knees in water, were battering at the gate with heavy logs, which they had floated down from above. The strong gate shook at every blow, and he knew that the danger was *here*, and not from the front.

"Ten men guard the front!" he shouted. "Come to me, all the rest."

They obeyed him, and began an attack upon the men in the water. Yet, in spite of the deadly fire, the heavy logs rose and fell, and the gate came crashing down, just as the Indians in the rear rushed down to the attack.

"Stand by me, Garanoque!" cried Alfred. "We will keep this gate; all the rest to the front."

The men darted back, obedient to the call, leaving Garanoque, Alfred, and the Jesuit before the broken gate. Garanoque in the center, waving above his head the mighty club, shouting his defiant war-cry; Alfred on the right, with his clubbed rifle in his hands; and the Jesuit, armed only with his rapier, calm and collected, on the left. For a moment the Indians stood appalled at the determined manner of these three brave men, and then rushed on, led by Estochee the Oneida.

"Come to me!" cried Garanoque. "Come, dog of the Oneidas, and I will give the fishes a feast, if they will eat such carrion."

Estochee was no coward, and accepted the challenge. The great club whistled through the air, and Estochee vainly interposed his hatchet to guard his head. The slight defense was broken down, the arm fell palsied at his side, and a second blow stretched him dead in the gateway. Garanoque seized him by the hair, to tear off the scalp, while, snarling like tigers, his men rushed on to save the honor of their slain chief. The rapier flashed, the heavy rifle fell, and the foremost of the Oneidas dropped beside the body of their chief. The gateway, barely three feet wide, did not permit many to pass abreast, and was now so packed with the struggling Indians, that they could hardly lift their weapons to strike. The Jesuit, with a smile upon his face, flashed his keen rapier before their eyes, and every time he "gave point," an Indian fell. Garanoque rose, shaking the scalp of Estochee before their eyes, and joined his efforts to those of the others. Now the Oneidas would have retreated, but they could not. Forced forward to the slaughter by their friends in the rear, taking death without the power to avert it, by sheer force of numbers they forced back the three determined men, just as Anada, followed by his men, began to drop over the inner wall. The women had taken their places in the center of the white force, and the men formed a ring, bristling with weapons. All about them stood the howling Indian band, brandishing their hatchets and knives, and eager to sweep the white men from the face of the earth.

"I know you now, Long Gun," cried Anada, as he shook his glittering hatchet in the face of Alfred Livingstone. "Two-faced dog, when you came among us as a trader, and called yourself our friend, you lied to us. Now you shall die."

"You must win us before you kill us," cried Alfred. "Yes, I am Long Gun, and I have put many an Onondaga on his back. We are waiting; why do you not come on?"

"Down with them!" shrieked Anada. "Death to the pale-face dogs, but keep Long Gun for the torture. I will love the man whose hand lays Eldorah in the dust, and I will make him great."

What were the prowess of Garanoque, the strength and skill of Alfred, the determined valor of Father Ignatius, and the despairing strength of the Canadians, against such overwhelming numbers. For, while they had waited for the last attack, over one hundred fresh warriors had come in, and there was no hope. One by one they went down, until only the leaders, and seven other men, formed a ring about the women. The dark circle closed in, the weapons were lifted, and Andrea pointed the pistol at her own heart, when—

Boom!

Grapeshot rattled along the water, and scattered the Indians, who were pouring in at the rear entrance. The rattle of musketry followed, and cries of fear from the Indians announced that aid was near at hand. The assailing force heard the roar of the little cannon, and in spite of the efforts of Anada, broke away; and, leaping the walls, fled for their lives, while the white facings of the regiment of Bearne—a crack French troop—showed through the battered gate, as they landed from their bateaux, and chased the Indians along the shore. A French expedition had come, just in time.

Twice Anada turned to fly, and as often came back to deal another blow. Hemmed in at last, with the sword of Father Ignatius at his bosom on one side, and that of Livingstone on the other, both arms disabled, and the blood dropping from half a dozen wounds, he still defied them.

"Yield, Anada!" cried Livingstone. "Yield, and take quarter."

Anada spat in the face of the speaker, and breaking through the inclosing blades, he rushed at Eldorah. Before he could strike, the giant took a step in advance and struck him down—a light blow for him.

“He is the brother of Eldorah, and a gallant man,” said the giant. “I will not let him die.”

The survivors of the French party ran out, and as the sun lifted the fog, they saw half a dozen flat-bottomed boats, each large enough to carry fifteen men, beached in the little cove close to the stockade. An officer, wearing the uniform of a French major of foot, advanced to meet them.

“I am truly happy, gentlemen,” he said, “if I have come in time to be of any service to you. I—”

“Armand!” cried Clement De Vernay. “As I live, it is Armand De Foix.”

“Clement De Vernay—Count of De Vernay and Lisle! Is it possible that I see you here, and in this guise?”

“You see me as I have been for years,” replied De Vernay, sadly. “The times are out of joint in La Belle France for men of my political faith.”

“Man!” replied Armand De Foix, who had been the fast friend of the count in happier days. “Do you not know that the men who overthrew you are themselves in exile, and that the king eagerly awaits the hour when you shall claim your ancient place, and feudal rights? When I was sent upon this expedition, mainly in quest of you, I little thought to meet you so soon. We landed here as the best harbor on the lake, and the shortest route to the Onondaga country, and hearing the sounds of battle, my men joined in. There is the banner, Clement. Long live the lilies on the white, the flag of our country! Before many days you will see it floating over a strong fort, beside this harbor. Let us lay the dead to rest, and see to the wounded, and as soon as may be, we will be on our way to Montreal.”

Two days later, the fleet of bateaux left the river, and headed toward the St. Lawrence. They left twenty graves on a sunny slope, where reposed the bodies of those who had fallen within the stockade. A solitary figure stood alone upon the lofty bluff, gazing after them with a bitter smile. It was Anada, the vanquished chief of the Onondagas. And,

standing erect in the bow of the last bateaux, holding Eldorah by the hand, was Garanoque, the last of the giant race.

On their way to the "Thousand Islands," Major Alfred Livingstone told them why he had adopted the quaint disguise of a Yankee trader. He knew well that the Canadians would not be allowed to remain long in the Onondaga country, and in this disguise he had many opportunities to watch over Andrea, which he could not have had if he had entered the country in his own character. His mission was ended with the exodus of the settlers.

Change of fortune made no change in the love of Adrea and Alfred. The faith which they had pledged long before was kept, and two years later, they stood before the high altar in the cathedral at Montreal, and the Jesuit, Father Ignatius, made them man and wife. Two days later, in the train of the adventurous La Salle, the good man left them, and died by savage hands, near the banks of the Father of Waters, the mighty Mississippi.

Garanoque and Eldorah were married, and for many years the last of the giants ruled the tribe, and died in battle, as a warrior should, in the defense of Quebec. And Alfred Livingstone, fighting on the other side, received the last sigh of the Stone Chief, and protected his remains. There was sadness in his home when he went back, to tell them that Eldorah was a widow, her girls fatherless, and the race of the Stone Men ended—forever! And to this day the Onondagas and the St. Regis remember the giant race, and keep a record of their deeds.

THE END.

standing erect, in the box of the last canoe, holding it down by the hand, was Gannepoc, the last of the giant race.

On their way to the "Thousand Islands," Major Alfred Livingston told them why he had adopted the name of a Yankee trader. He knew well that the Canadians would not be allowed to remain long in the Ontario country, and in this lifetime he had many opportunities to watch over them, which he could not have had if he had entered the country in his own character. His mission was ended with the exodus of the settlers.

Change of fortune made no change in the love of Alfred and Alfred. The faith which they had pledged long before they left, and two years later, they stood before the high altar in the cathedral at Montreal, and the Jesuit Father Ignace made them man and wife. Two days later, in the grain of the river, the good man left them, and died by savage hands, near the banks of the Father of Waters, the mighty Mississippi.

Gannepoc and his sons were spared, and for many years the last of the giants ruled the tribe, and died in battle, as a warrior should, in the defense of Quebec. And Alfred lived, a man, a fighter on the other side, received the last sign of the French, and protected his remaining. There was said to be in his home when he went back to tell them that the world was a widow, but this fatherless, and the two of the giant race died—forever! And to this day the Canadians and the seigniors remember the giant race, and keep a record of their deeds.

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